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NO. 4 HOW TO SPEAK OUT OF DOORS

Sometimes you have to, without being really suited t it. Once a year Mr. Pinder gives away the prizes at th Rollo Road Lawn Tennis Tournament. He has bee rehearsing the speech, privately, for ten days. He ha even come home before the rush so as to get an empt railway carriage where he could practise *throwing* hi voice, the pleasing tenor quality of which makes up fo a certain deficiency in power.

It is July, but on Finals Day a strong breeze is blow ing Mr. Pinder's voice sideways, and the sisters an fiancees and the groundsman's family will not stan quite close enough. Mr. Pinder is heard but only partially

" . . . once again turning up like a BAD PENNY . . . *STELL LUNT'S GOT MY BAT (this was the Fosdick boy)* . . . who absence we must all deeply regret . . . We are all glad that Mr. & Mrs E.G. *(bark from Mrs. Lunt's poodle)* once more entered the list CHAMPLE CHAMPLE *(tea tray crashes)* . . . above all no forget to thank Mrs. FOSDICK for so admirably looking after th Inner Man carumb, CARUMB, CARUMB *(exuberant rattle ove the points of the 6.18 from Crystal Palace along the em bankment at the back of the tennis courts. At this point it i thought better to switch on the microphone, whereupo every word makes a sound but all words sound alike)* BLARBER BLARBER BLARBER."

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Hi

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUG

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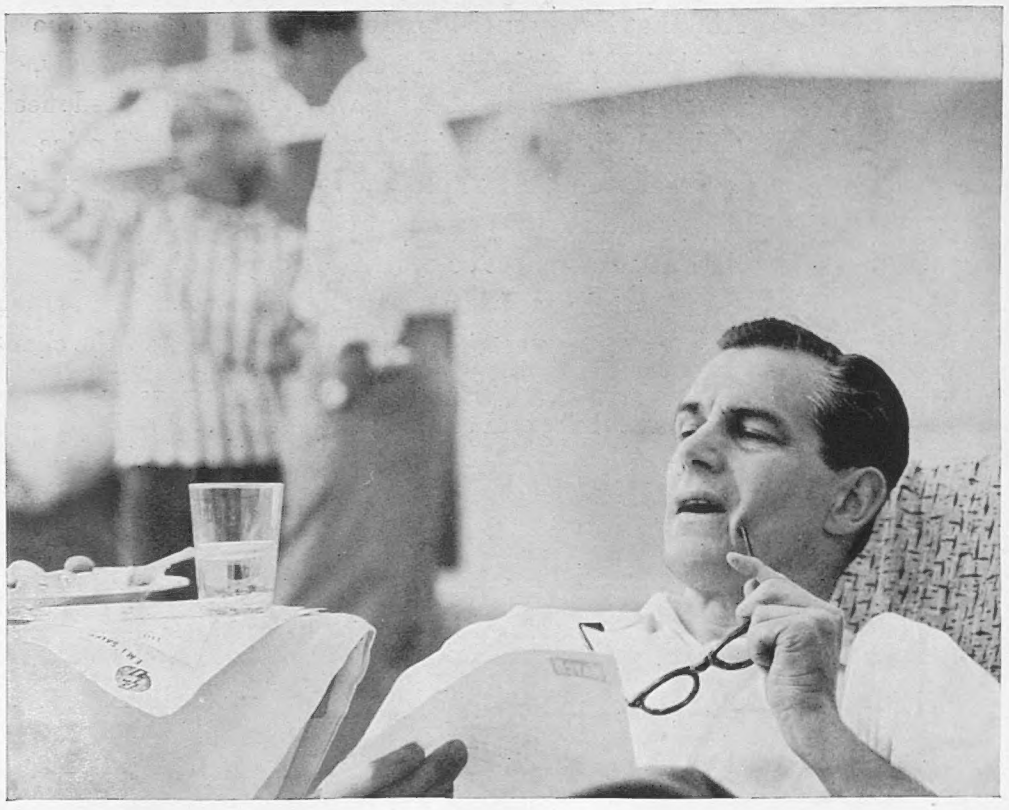
Long Vacation to the sun . . .

Archibald Stanley, barrister, gazed gloomily out of the window of his Chambers. Still five weeks of Term to run. Piles of papers spread round him like a nightmare knotted with red tapes. He must get *away* for the Long Vacation—right away, somewhere he'd find the sun and have a bit of peace . . . A week later he was dining with Sir Timothy, his uncle—amazing how one's relations asked one to dinner and wanted free advice. Sir Timothy was worried about his daughter Christine in Durban—

A few weeks later Archibald Stanley was on board the 'Stirling Castle' outward bound for Cape Town. Luxury suited him down to the deck. Long days of sunshine, time to think coherently, fine Union-Castle service, fine Union-Castle food, an afternoon in Madeira, and weeks of utter freedom from solicitors, stiff collars and striped trousers.

He leant over the rails watching the ship dock at Cape Town. Table Mountain, laid with a cloth of cloud. Once



some business about property in her name in England. Sir Timothy said, "Archie, you never seem to be in Chambers when I ring you, can't have much to do, why don't you go out there and see if you can sort it all out for her?" It was a good idea. The Long Vacation was eight weeks—it would only take six to get to Cape Town and back, by sea, allowing two weeks ashore in South Africa . . . and generous Uncle Timothy could no doubt be persuaded to foot half the bill . . . at least!

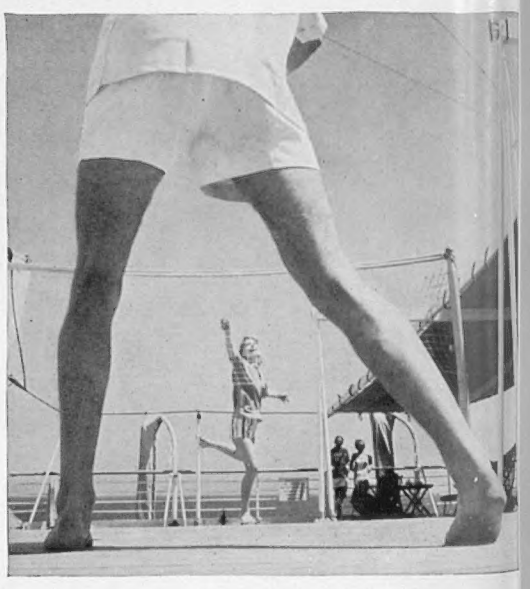
ashore he hired a car and motored the first stage of his way towards Durban and Christine, going via the Garden Route to George, to Knysna and the Wilderness. At Port Elizabeth he caught a plane to Durban. Christine and Jan met him and they motored out to their white-pillared home, flaming with bouganvillea. Christine was happy in South Africa, and she was going to have a baby. Archibald disentangled her legal worry, and promised to look after the English end of the thing when he got home.

He stayed with his cousins for nearly a week, and then flew to Cape Town to the Mount Nelson Hotel. On board again he shared his table with a very pretty South African girl on a visit to England.

There were more piles of papers waiting for him in Chambers in London, but he felt ready to cope with anything now.

He dined with Uncle Timothy again, and told him all Christine's news and how much good the trip had done him. He made a clever joke about 'Mare Nostrum', which his Uncle had to have explained. He also had to have the South African girl explained, and brought round, before he would approve of Archie getting engaged.

By going and coming back on the dates he chose, Archibald Stanley came in for the Quick Trip Reduction in Union-Castle First Class fares. And, of course, there



was no charge for the extra 'baggage' he brought back with him from South Africa. That was Sir Timothy's turn to make a joke!

the going's good by

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SCOTLAND AGAIN! It would be a sad year if we could not visit Scotland and, should you be contemplating a holiday up there, I cannot do better than repeat the advice of previous years. Do not attempt to do too much and, above all things, plan your visit outside the holiday season.

My map of Scotland is now dotted with some hundred hotels, all welcoming the tourist but, in many cases, the demand so exceeds the supply that my wife and I invariably plan our Scottish trip in late September and early October.

It would be impracticable within the space of this article to outline a detailed itinerary to cover the whole of Scotland, but I should be pleased to send to any interested (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope, please) a suggested itinerary I prepared last year for overseas visitors and others. Meanwhile, according to where you propose going, there are certain hotels I would be sorry for you to miss.

Oban and district—you will not go wrong if you can secure accommodation at the 60-bedroomed Alexandra. Ably managed by Miss Smith for as long as I have known Oban, it is a friendly family hotel without being grandiose. B.B. from 33s. 6d. to 38s. according to season. Closes each year from mid-October to Easter.

For those who seek much humbler accommodation, where the B.B. terms are about £1 a day, the small 14-bedroom Corriemar should be suitable.

For those who visit Oban when it is chock-a-block or prefer to be near a resort rather than in it, note the long-established Falls of Lora Hotel, standing close by the rail and road Connel Bridge. Under the personal direction—for many years—of Mrs. M. M. Stewart and now aided by her grandson, a qualified hotelier, modern appointments and old-world courtesy blend happily. B.B. from 25s. 6d. a day.

Motoring hereabouts, one is likely to take the coastal Oban/Fort William road and I would advise those who do to divert three miles for a meal, a night or more, at the quietly situated Airds Hotel at Port Appin, which has commanding views from the lounges, dining-room and front bedrooms. Miss Anne Scott Rae has been dispensing Scottish hospitality here for many years and, if you would like to visit Mull and Iona, the steamer will obligingly call in for you. B.B. from 20s.

Deeside is ever an attraction and I can send you recommendations for Braemar, Aboyne and Banchory, but should you desire a base from which to tour, not only Deeside but Pitlochry and Tayside, and feel the pulse of Scottish hospitality, consider Dalmunzie House one mile off the main Perth-Braemar road, close by Spittal O'Glenshee.

For the transient visitor, Dalmunzie House offers the motorist complete tranquillity from the highway; for the family holiday, all attractions of outdoor pursuits; and for all, intelligent cooking and a knowledgeable wine list. B.B. from 32s. 6d. to 34s. 6d.

The Caledonian Canal route from Inverness to Fort William is to many Scottish tourists the northern limit of their touring ambitions. My hotel recommendations include The Alexandra at Fort William, The Invergarry Hotel (especially for those interested in stalking and fishing), The Glenmoriston Arms at Invermoriston (38 miles from Fort William and 27 from Inverness) or, for those who want to be near, but not in, Inverness, The Lewiston Arms, near Drumnadrochit, where even if you do not see the Loch Ness Monster, Lieut.-Colonel G. M. Malcolm can show you an alleged photograph, humps and all!

A Scottish holiday for some has but one main objective—golf—and one could write a book on the golfing possibilities of Scotland. If both golf and Edinburgh are on your proposed itinerary, choose that lovely Lutyens-designed house, Greywalls Hotel at Gullane. It faces Muirfield and is close to Gullane and North Berwick links.

The latter suggests that sumptuous family holiday hotel, The Marine, at North Berwick. I have followed Mr. R. E. Whiston's hotel career through from the fire-destroyed Canford Cliffs Hotel, Bournemouth, and The Grosvenor, at Chester—a good background, as you must agree.

Then there are those who must go to the home of the Royal and Ancient game of golf—St. Andrews. My choice for you here would be Rufflets, a country house hotel which, without any pretensions of being luxurious, is comfortable and provides honest home cooking with all fruit and vegetables served fresh from the hotel gardens. Finally, I would urge those motoring to or from Scotland to take the East Coast route and enjoy the panoramic views of the Firth of Clyde.

Note particularly well the 11-bedroom luxury Manor Park Hotel at Skelmorlie, 6 miles from Largs. Here with bed and breakfast terms from 30s. to 40s., one can wallow in contentment.

Alternatively, make for Troon, 30 miles south of Glasgow. Here at the Marine Hotel you will be quick to appreciate that you are located in one of Scotland's best hotels. The resident director, Mr. Keith Vilvandre, has seen to it that this 71-bedroom hotel is keeping abreast of the times with its contemporary furnishings and bright atmosphere. The championship golf course of Old Troon is close by, lying between the hotel and the sandy beach. During the summer there is dancing twice weekly, so there is no lack of entertainment. For out-of-season holidays, it is an ideal spot for conferences and it is only five miles from Prestwick Airport. B.B. from 35s. to 40s. a day.

But, if The Marine is beyond your purse, The Sun Court Hotel can be recommended. B.B. from 27s. 6d., only ten bedrooms, but three private bathrooms. An hotel sufficiently small to enable the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Hamilton, to provide a constant personal touch.

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The SPHERE, London, August 15, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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JUST BEFORE THE ROYAL ANNOUNCEMENT—THE ROYAL FAMILY LEAVE LONDON FOR THEIR HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with the Prince of Wales and Princess Anne drive from Buckingham Palace to join the Royal train at Euston for the journey to Balmoral. On the following day came the announcement from Buckingham Palace that Her Majesty would undertake no further public engagements—the official news that the Queen was expecting her third child next year.

The original intention at the end of the Royal tour of Canada was for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to embark in the Royal yacht *Britannia* and sail direct to Scotland for the visits to the Shetland and Orkney Islands. Instead, shortly after the Queen's sickness in Canada it was announced that they would fly direct to London. Later, it became known that the Royal Family were to travel by train from London to Balmoral to start their summer holiday, during which Her Majesty and His Royal Highness would carry out the visits to the islands as arranged. But on the day after their departure from London came the news that Her Majesty would undertake no further public engagements. This meant the postponing of the islands tour as well as the visits to Ghana and Sierra Leone which had been arranged for later this year. Both Prince Charles and Princess Anne were at London Airport on August 2 when the Queen and the Duke returned from their Canadian tour, in the course of which the Royal visitors had travelled some 15,000 miles. A full pictorial record of the Royal journey from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific as well as the official opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway and the brief call at Chicago will appear in next week's issue. (On pages 12 and 13 are pictures of the Royal Family during the past twelve years.)

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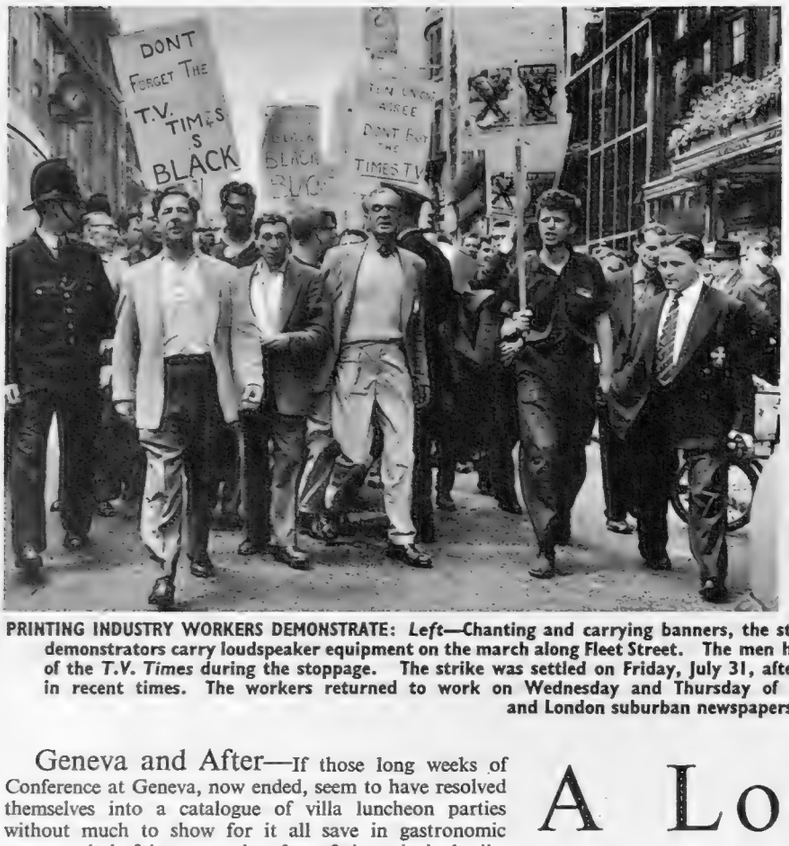


PRINTING INDUSTRY WORKERS DEMONSTRATE: *Left*—Chanting and carrying banners, the strikers march past the *Daily Express* building in Fleet Street, London. *Right*—demonstrators carry loudspeaker equipment on the march along Fleet Street. The men had assembled outside Television House, Kingsway, to protest against the continued of the *T.V. Times* during the stoppage. The strike was settled on Friday, July 31, after the longest series of continuous negotiations in the history of British industria in recent times. The workers returned to work on Wednesday and Thursday of last week after 6½ weeks. More than 100,000 employees, in printing firms, and London suburban newspapers, and periodicals, had stopped work.

A London Newslett

195-198, STRAND,

Geneva and After—If those long weeks of Conference at Geneva, now ended, seem to have resolved themselves into a catalogue of villa luncheon parties without much to show for it all save in gastronomic memory, it is fair to say that few of the principals dismissed the long business as abortive or totally rejected its usefulness. At least an atmosphere was built up and one not unfavourable. For if the talks emphasised how sharp still are the divisions on vital matters, it held out better hopes of ultimate solutions for some of them. What knocked the Foreign Ministers for six, was the sudden and surprising decision of the big two to short-circuit the deputies and get down to it themselves—to see for themselves; themselves to obtain a first-hand impression of the scene and setting, the opinions and the prejudices, the doubts and the fears, in each other's country, and between them to create a new atmosphere in which to grapple with their differences at the top. It is significant that Moscow Radio hailed this Ike-Khrush exchange of visits as a history-making event. "There is not indeed a person in the world who does not know that world peace stands to gain from stable Soviet-American relations." If each leader at last accepts it that their peoples do indeed have "a common and ardent desire for peace," the cold war is half over and the battle half won. Peaceful co-existence can be achieved only on complete faith in that fact. This is indeed an excellent opportunity to recreate good will on both sides, and we must not dismiss as negligible the recent efforts at Geneva nor fail to note the contribution made by Mr. Nixon's Eastern tour.

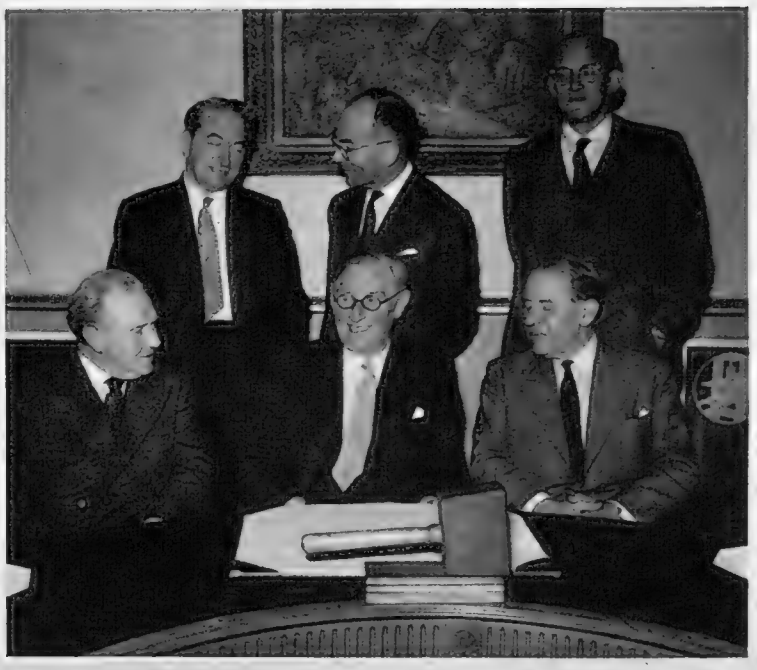
After the Strike—Many Editors and journalists are now resuming their labours after an enforced holiday of eight weeks. There is peace again in the printing industry for a space of time. For how long I do not know. The war casualties must have been heavy. Funds are greatly depleted on both sides. Some worthy publications may never return. Others must find themselves in financial difficulties, hard and long to resolve. I have long ceased to comment on the rights and wrongs of any industrial dispute. With the years, the power of Trade Unions has grown and the complications of terms of employment are beyond the understanding of outsiders. I only know beyond doubt that the position of a self-employed man, independent of Trade Union pressure (if any such self-employment there be), was never so enviable as today. Employers in the past did much wrong, and Trade Unions, in their not so long history, did an infinity of good for the workers. They destroyed the tyranny of inhuman employers, and today there are times when they seem to exercise a tyranny as powerful, if less directly inhuman. But the issues are all too complicated for me to comment on, and indeed there are times when Trade Unions seem to have no authority at all. I will make no comments "after the strike," save in general terms. How much of the letterpress denied daily and weekly publication by the printing strike was, in any sense of the word, really necessary? How many new books published are today worth reading? We are becoming familiar with "magazine" Sundays and Dailies. Much of their contents are ~~or~~ will be available for reading in book form or by other media. Much is so trivial as to be unworthy of a compositor's skill. If compositors struck against such redundancies, I should back them to the last ditch. But the basic cause of most strikes is love of money and "money isn't everything." And in this country, as in America, the love of money is the root of much evil. We can never have enough of it. All too much of our ingenuity is canalised into dodging taxation and having more to spend, while half the world is starving. I wonder how long a nation can survive whose god is money, and how long an industry can survive keen competition when the right of an honest employer to dismiss one unsatisfactory employee is taken from him and he is compelled to drive on with a mixed team of workers, good and bad, loyal and disloyal, keen and indifferent or sulky. We are far removed (and rightly) from the labour conditions of the parable of the Vineyard, but present conditions in industry present a parable quite as open to criticism.

SHORTAGE OF PRINTING INK: Outside the works of Lorilleux & Bolton Ltd., London, workers demonstrated after the firm had given notice to some of their members. Restrictive practices had come into force. During the dispute between ink manufacturers and the National Society of Operative Printers and Assistants, the shortage of ink several times threatened to cause the national newspapers to stop printing, and the issues during these weeks were greatly reduced in size. A settlement of the wages and hours dispute was quickly reached after the agreement in the printing industry.

Flattery—If I have kept silence for some weeks (even from good words), it was not because I wanted (though I daresay I needed) a holiday. Unlike the Ministers, I felt rather pessimistic during this enforced holiday. I failed to see that everything in the Garden of England was lovely, and I began to wonder whether the Government's perpetual policy of painting Britain's future as glorious and certain, and of flattering the newly important classes in the State, really pays off, even party-politically. In times of war and mortal danger, it is certainly the duty of the chief ministers to brand as traitors the croakers and the cynics and the faint hearts. But I am not sure that that policy of optimism and flattery is good for the nation today, and I don't believe that all of us swallow the soft soap. I should welcome from the Government a little realistic criticism of many duds and disloyal elements in the crew of the Ship of State, and since there are many dangerous rocks still ahead, I see no point in pretending they are not there and in assuring us that our course is clear to the Islands of the Blest. "On with the never-never dance; glorious prosperity lies before you all." I am not impressed; and I believe that the Tories would stand a better chance at the coming General Election if the Government tried a little cr criticism for a change, and branded as fit only t plank the tycoons who continually and successfu their supertax, the bad lads of the village and are quite ready to believe that the future of Eng their hands and all sorts and conditions in ever life whose only concern is more pay for less wor quite prepared to risk their own and the countr to secure it. If any denies that the glitter and luxury by our tycoons and expense accountants does not lower-paid workers to get a bigger share of the swa visit a midland city on a Saturday night and no and splendour of the parked cars and hear the ch corks popping in the hotels. It is probable that about half the electorate is not in the running in Rush, and its votes are quite worth wooing; a lit bestowed on that depressed section of the nati prove as vote-catching as flattering the Gold Rus

Canada and Royal Visits—Look on the Royal Visit to Canada, I recall an early which did not "come true." One female col unlikely to be an authoritative voice of the m Canadians, least of all when writing in an magazine. Accordingly an article (nicely timed step with the Queen's arrival in Canada) in th *Look* by June Callwood, did not need to too seriously. Even in Britain, we know the infi which columnists must employ to be snappy sational as a means of livelihood. The write "of course" attack "the Queen herself." It is which, she declared, Canadians resent, as sugge bad old notion of the "Mother Country," her apr and patronising ways with her "colonial" Well, I doubt if June Callwood had based her nation-wide gallop poll. And if she had, she dilemma for Canadians. They can't have it b Only yesterday they were insisting that the Queen much Queen of Canada as of Britain, that she sho more time at Ottawa and less in London, and she responds to such requests, it is unfair to monarchical system; and I am sure that adult Can not want to be accused in America of being vulnerable to suspected patronage. "Most pe sweepingly concluded, "seem to feel that Royal becoming a bit frequent." That is true, and som feel that the goodwill they engender wears off But, my goodness, England in a fine summ many pleasant diversions and, if our Royal Famil today to be continuously air-borne on these wealth Missions, those missions are not forced nations visited. They are selections from a lon list of invitations. And the Canadian visit was an and very popular success, as it was a too gruelli ance test for the Queen.

A Summer To Remember—I sha upon its like again, this summer of 1959 fine days and a thunderstorm?" On the 100 fine days and two thunderstorms. I don't kn carnival of sunshine has brought back a fashion for restaurants on the French model. It has



CUSSIONS ON THE PRINTING DISPUTE: *Left*—Representatives of some unions concerned are from left, round the table, Mr. S. Gilman (Lithographic Printers); Mr. M. A. Clayton (Press Telegraphists); Mr. W. A. Morrison (Printing, Bookbinding and Paper Workers); Mr. G. G. Eastwood (Printing and Kindred Trades Federation); Miss G. Hart (secretary to Mr. Eastwood); Mr. P. P. Whitcomb (P.K.T.F.); Mr. S. Carter (P.K.T.F.); Mr. C. W. Wallace (Correctors of the Press); Mr. J. M. Bonfield (Typographical Association); Mr. A. J. Buckle (Electrotypers and Stereotypers); and Mr. L. H. Cline (Monotype Casters and Typefounders). *Right*—After the agreement is reached the delegates smile. From left in the front are Mr. Morrison; Lord Birkett, the independent chairman; and Mr. R. A. Jackson, Chairman of the Employers' Labour Committee. Behind, from left, are Mr. Eastwood; Mr. A. Jeans, President of the Newspaper Society; and Mr. L. E. Kenyon, Director and Secretary of the British Federation of Master Printers.

uaded the general public to become their own landladies caterers. In my new setting—the New Forest—all ınd me was a tented camp. Under every oak tree and n was a car and a tent, each lit at dusk like a vast ɔuac stretching for miles and the larger lagers of boy ıts and town boys were ordered with precision and ipline. What this summer has done for cricket many lub secretary must gratefully acknowledge. Here in npshire, the cradle of cricket, many a famous village n has been drawing Test Match crowds, the grounds ed with treble banks of cars, and there has been standing n only on its pleasant sandy beaches opposite the dles. And the sun's effect on human nature has been less remarkable. Never were there such happy, good pered well-mannered crowds by the sea and on the nmons. Another such summer and our nation might pture without spiritual instruction the things which ng unto our peace. There's a lot to be said for the sun.

Under the Hammer—The season of the great sales is over and the harvest was a world record. We may not be a Communist country but we do pretty well under the hammer, if not under the sickle. Those who visit Christie's or Sotheby's during their great auction sales often get the impression that there are many millionaires in the world who, if they mean to acquire a work of art, consider the addition of another nought to the price a matter of indifference to them. £5,000 or £50,000, what's the odds, if it's a well-known French Impressionist painting or a rare cabinet or manuscript? No doubt, the chances of reaping a personal harvest or a rich gleaning from these battles of the modern gods tempt the private owner of a cherished heirloom to try his luck, which he would not do if all he could expect from sale were the probate value of an object dear to his family for generations. But money is not the only consideration. We are most of us on the move to smaller houses; we most of us find it ever harder to find reliable hands to tend our surviving treasures. We find them deteriorating over the years and in need of expert attention which we can neither give nor find. A glorious piece which appropriately adorned the Palace of Versailles becomes hopelessly unsuited to a low-ceilinged farm-house living-room and mixes badly with such utility furniture as the new home will sustain. Better to let the lovely thing finish its life among its peers, carefully nursed by expert doctors. And if the buyer wants it badly enough to be ready to slip in an extra nought in the price he pays, one can derive some comfort from its loss. One can do a lot of good with the extra nought, for oneself and others, and it means no privation for the buyer.

Air-Guns—The modern air-gun is a lethal weapon. It is still classed as a child's toy and does more harm than the flick-knife. It is terrifying to realise how much time must always be spent in proving to any Government the necessity for a reform in any domestic legislation. More lives must be lost and maiming and cruelty to man and beast be caused before we can expect legislation to make the modern air-gun qualify for a fire-arms certificate, to be withheld from the young and inexperienced. And even then . . . ? The fire-arm certificate secured does not prevent the use by third parties of ·22 rifles which can and do kill at considerable range and are utterly reprehensible even in skilled hands on commons, heaths and bracken-covered areas and indeed anywhere save in uninhabited areas. Yet I have seen them used in "Farmers' shoots" over sub-topian areas by boys and men who hold no arms certificate and who poop off at anything moving at any range. As the law stands at present, inadequate or freely disregarded as regards lethal weapons, insensate cruelty, not to speak of mortal danger to human life, is as rife in Britain as ever it was. "Shooting" has become the fashionable recreation of all classes and not a bird on its nest is safe from armed children; the animal is the enemy of the farmer and fair game for the new class of sportsman, and lingering death is becoming the portion of the fauna of Britain. The number of accidents which result from the discharge of shot-guns in unskilled hands has for decades been proof of the need for a "gun code," on the principle of the Highway Code, before even a gun licence is issued. In my youth, no young shooter was ever allowed to put cartridges in his first gun until he had satisfied father, uncles or keepers that he appreciated the strict rules of safe carrying, the sacred angles of safety, and the whole catalogue of rules concerning loading and unloading, crossing fences and so on.

King of the Clowns—During the enforced holiday, several men and women I have known and liked have died and of some of them I should in other circumstances have recorded a note. Some were friends, some public figures, of many professions and in different walks of life. They are not forgotten because I have made no printed memorial of them. Memory stands firm when printed matter is non-existent. Friends are woven in the tapestry of human memory. But Grock? He at least must have a retrospective note. He was everybody's friend who saw him. I compare his art in my stage memories with Bernhardt's, Duse's, Ellen Terry's, Caruso's. He has been called the Chaplin of the Circus. That is a sound comparison, for both of them in their art epitomised the *simplicity* of childhood and boyhood. But every infant-in-arms, fumbling with its first toys with its tiny, clumsy fingers, always reminds me of Grock. Indeed, I call all infants-in-arms Grock. Chaplin was an older child. Chesterton, in a note on *Pickwick*, wrote the wisest verdict on the eternal triumph of child-like simplicity over the most elaborate devices of the "wide boys" and the smarties. And whenever one watched Grock fumbling with his toys, with his clumsy fingers and his wide, pathetic smile, one recalled Falstaff's death-bed and every cradle one has watched over. As babies, we begin and end, and are happiest if in the middle years the triumphs of childish simplicity continue to protect us from the tricks and wiles and cynicisms of sophistication.

Motoring Offences and Penalties—Twenty-five years as a magistrate (during which period motoring offences had come to fill the bulk of the calendar at Petty Sessions) convince me that there are no more difficult cases to decide upon the evidence than those of "driving without due care." Some police are only too ready to assume that any "incident" which involves an accident implies negligence on one side. The magistrates are not. In the present state of the roads there are many accidents not due to negligence on either side. Then, again, the evidence is usually suspect. The injured party and his witnesses often repeat the same prepared evidence, in which the offender's speed, often impossible for the witness to estimate, is exaggerated. Cases of dangerous driving are usually easier to determine, and where the offence is proved, the Bench is far more prone than it was a year or two ago, to suspend for long periods concurrently with higher fines; and it seldom nowadays considers hardship to the convicted man's livelihood (as indeed it should not do). But the cry in the Press for stepping up penalties on conviction to a rigid, deterrent tariff is utterly opposed to our system of justice. The offender's financial position must always be taken into account in fixing the fine, and there are many degrees of negligence and often mitigating circumstances. A fine of £50 in Wigan and one of £3 in Westbury, both on conviction for driving without due care, do not necessarily reveal injustice and muddled thinking by lay magistrates. It is their duty to determine on the evidence and to take all circumstances into account, and it will be a bad day for British justice when Acts of Parliament determine cast-iron penalties for various types of traffic offences. It is quite true that a magistrate's sympathy sometimes goes out to the motorist in the dock. He must often feel (in the present state of the roads and traffic) "there, but for the grace of God. . . ." Some day he may drive home at 30 m.p.h. from the court and a child will jump from the hidden road-bank in front of his car. . . . But I know no instance of that sympathy being extended in court to a defendant convicted of even the lowest category of careless driving.

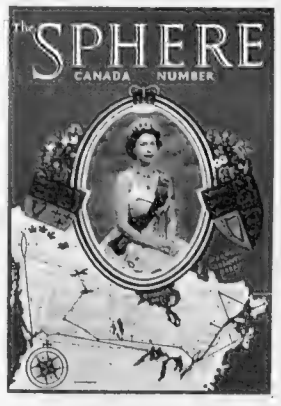
THE OLD STAGER

THE PRINTING STOPPAGE

Due to circumstances with which our readers will ıy now be familiar, THE SPHERE *has not been published ince its issue of June* 13. *During the intervening ight weeks it has not been possible to produce this ournal owing to the long-drawn-out dispute in the ndustry. Now that work has begun again publica-ion of this journal is resumed with this issue, and it s hoped that* THE SPHERE *will now reach our readers t normal times.*

The present issue contains a survey of the important ews and events during the past two months which ave not been adequately covered elsewhere pictorially luring the stoppage.

NEXT WEEK



HE SPHERE *will pro-luce an enhanced issue vith a special full-olour cover; this issue vill contain a complete ictorial record of the ecent* 16,000*-mile tour f the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh hrough Canada.*

It was originally lanned to publish his issue at an earlier ate, but the printing ispute made this mpossible. The delay as, however, brought e advantage that the issue will now contain a complete ctorial coverage of the tour which has not hitherto ceived such treatment in other publications.

It will include pictures of the meeting with resident Eisenhower for the opening of the St. awrence Seaway and of the Royal visit to Chicago. rticles will describe various aspects of the Canadian ene. This special issue will be published at the ual price of 2*s.* 6*d.*

ROYAL PARENTS AND CHILDREN

The Story of the Family in Which a Third Child is now Expected

THE prospect of the birth of a third child to the Queen has inevitably aroused widespread public interest. Since 1485, the number of British monarchs who have become parents while occupying the throne has been small. Only one—Queen Victoria—was a Queen Regnant. The kings were Henry VII; Henry VIII (three of whose children were destined for the Throne); Charles I (father of two future kings); James II and George III (two of whose sons became British monarchs). Most of these Sovereign-parents did not marry until after accession to the Crown.

The news issued from Buckingham Palace last week started a flood of hopeful speculation which in its ultimate analysis is a mark of the very great hold which Queen Elizabeth has upon the feelings of her people. Her predecessor as Queen Regnant—Queen Victoria—had still to establish her popularity during the period in which she was raising her family. The publicity which attended her pregnancies and the birth of her elder children has been described as "pitiless." Chronicles of the time show that the state of the Queen's health was the subject of endless gossip. The diarist Greville gives details of the birth of the first child—the future Princess Royal of England and Empress of Germany—in 1840. From the room in which the Queen was lying doors were open to an anteroom, where waited the Cabinet Ministers, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. When the next child—the future King Edward VII—was born, Prince Albert showed a respect for his wife's feelings and also, one suspects, a sense of humour. He delayed the despatch of the news that the Queen was in labour so that the Archbishop and the Lord President of the Council arrived late for the ceremony.

The presence of high officers of state at a Royal birth was a constitutional requirement, generally held to date from 1688 when the "warming-pan" incident was alleged to have occurred. It was widely believed that the baby, later known in history as the Old Pretender, was smuggled in in this way. In order to ensure that there could be no possible chance of any such substitution in the future, Royal births had to be reliably witnessed. The convention of the Home Secretary being in attendance in the building in which any Royal birth took place continued until the end of the reign of George V. His son, George VI, very sensibly abolished it.

The birth of the future King Edward VII, on November 11, 1841, led, according to Greville, to a curious controversy in the Guards. It was the custom for the officer on guard at St. James's Palace to be promoted major when a Royal child was born. The guard was changed at 10.45 p.m. Prince Edward's advent into the world was timed 10.48 p.m. The officers of new and old guard claimed the right to promotion, each maintaining that as the change-over ceremonial was still taking place at that moment he was the officer on duty.

In the birth of her ninth and last child—Princess Beatrice—Queen Victoria materially assisted the advance of medical science and bestowed a great benefit upon womankind in general. She allowed chloroform to be administered to her. This was a very radical step at a time when anæsthesia was still a subject of much controversy. It was believed in some circles that pain—especially in childbirth—was "natural" and that it was wrong to relieve it.

The education of Royal children invariably presents problems. The Hanoverians made no attempt to solve them. They usually openly disliked their children and the relations between George II and the Prince Regent were a public scandal. Queen Victoria and her immediate successors, though undoubtedly sincere in their intentions, made serious mistakes with regard to their children. Queen Elizabeth has had the advantage of the wise upbringing given her by her father and mother. When, in November 1947, she married Prince Philip, the public realised instinctively that here was no match for dynastic purposes in the old style, but a union based upon very genuine feelings. The birth of their first child, Prince Charles, in November 1948 was a matter for great rejoicing, as was the birth of Princess Anne two years later. At that time it was generally thought that the Princess and the Duke of Edinburgh would be able to increase their family during the next immediate years. However, the sudden and tragic death of King George VI in 1952 meant that his elder daughter succeeded to the throne and had to engage in an almost unending round of public duties and tours. Now at long last personal considerations can be allowed to have their place. With the news of the advent of their third child, as Press comment from all over the Commonwealth has shown, the Queen and Prince Philip have the good wishes of all their subjects.

ENGAGEMENT AND MARRIAGE: *Left*—The Queen (then Princess Elizabeth) with Prince Philip (then Lieutenant Philip batten, R.N.) soon after their engagement in July 1947. *Right*—The Royal couple are seen leaving Westminste after their wedding on November 20, 1947. It was announced last week that the Queen is expecting a thir

YACHTING AT COWES: Prince Philip and the Prince of Wales are aboard the former's yacht, *Bluebottle*. Second f left is Mr. Uffa Fox. The picture was taken last summer. Yachting is one of Prince Philip's favourite recr He started to interest his son at an early age in this pastime. Another sport which Prince Philip enjoys

UR GENERATIONS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY: Queen Mary, King George VI, his elder daughter and the baby Prince Charles are grouped together in Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the baptism of Queen Mary's great-grandson in December 1948. Queen Mary died in 1953.

left—
MILY GROUP IN SUM-R, 1951: Princess Eliza-h and the Duke of Edin-rgh sit on the ground and tch their children in the dens of Clarence House London. Prince Charles s born on November 14, 8, and Princess Anne on August 15, 1950.

right—
ANDPARENTS AND ANDCHILDREN: King orge VI and Queen zabeth with Prince arles and Princess Anne. e picture was taken at ckingham Palace on the nce's third birthday in 1. King George died ddenly three months er, in February 1952.

THE BAPTISM OF PRINCESS ANNE IN 1950: Seated on left is the Countess of Athlone. Standing are, from left, Lord Mountbatten, Princess Margarita (Prince Philip's eldest sister) and the Hon. Andrew Elphinstone (a cousin of Queen Elizabeth II).

ICE OF WALES: Although he had been named Prince of Wales the previous day, Prince Charles carried on with normal routine at Cheam School, at Newbury, and attended church service with his school-fellows on this Sunday morning in 1958.

right—
ROYAL FAMILY IN JUNE 1959: In a recent family group parents and children are together in the grounds of Windsor Castle. At the age of thirty-three the Queen is now expecting her third child.

RACING AT COWE

A Record Entry of Yachts In This Year's Royal Regatta

YACHTS OF VARIOUS SIZES: *Left*—H.M.S. *Dolphin's Cyclops* (V31) and the Hon. Robert Boscawen's *Silvio* (333) are seen competing for the Morson Cup, a Class II handica cruising yachts of 25 ft. R.O.R.C. rating and under 32 ft. The race was won by *Cynthia*, owned by Colonel T. W. Trevor and R. M. Ritchie in 3 hours 41 mins. *Fedalah* was second and T. G. Clarke's *Misty Dream* third. *Right*—Interested spectators watch smaller craft close to the shore. Nearly 400 yachts entered for Cowes

A VIEW FROM THE AIR: Yachts are anchored off Cowes for the Regatta week. The large building on the shore in the right centre of the picture belongs to Saunders-Roe facturers of the Hovercraft. Beyond is the River Medina. In spite of the number of yachts present the opening of Cowes Week was somewhat quiet. The number of sp was less than usual, possibly owing to light winds and the absence of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Royal yacht *Britannia* and the Duke's Dragon *Bluebottle*.

ITH SPINNAKERS SET: H.M.S. *Vernon's Sea Otter* (V50) and H.M.S. *Excellent's Sea Wraith* (633) race for the Morson Cup. *On right*—Colonel R. G. F. Scholfield's *Rummer* (left) and C. T. Lowein's *Danegeld* the winner (right) are seen during the race for the Festival of Britain Cup. This was a handicap race for cruising yachts of 19 ft. R.O.R.C. rating and under 25 ft.

low—
TY BARGE: *Sirdar*, which recently won the Thames Barge Race, was used to start the Royal Thames Yacht Club event on the second day. Also at anchor in Cowes Roads were the Battle class destroyer H.M.S. *Vigo*, representing the Royal Navy, the Trinity House vessel *Patricia* and the Belgian minesweeper *J. E. Van Haverbeke*.

World Affairs

EIGHT WEEKS' "TOUR D'HORIZON"

By JOHN CONNELL

IN a desperately critical period of the Second World War, the early spring of 1941, it happened that I was at sea for five weeks in a small passenger liner, not in convoy and observing the most stringent radio silence. Though I was rather thinly disguised as an officer in the Royal Artillery, I had hitherto in England preserved the interest in public affairs appropriate to my civilian calling. But of the cataclysmic events of those five weeks, in the Balkans and elsewhere, I had no knowledge at all; it took me eighteen years or so to catch up. I have a feeling that my recent involuntary seclusion and silence have had a somewhat similar effect. Whatever, I wonder, have they all been up to while my back was turned?

It has to be admitted that, superficially at any rate, there is remarkably little difference between the appearance of world affairs in mid-June 1959 and that of world affairs in mid-August 1959. The Foreign Ministers' Conference at Geneva, I became aware even in the long trance of my Sleeping Beauty's castle, went on and on and on, reaching no firm conclusion very, very slowly. The patience, the tenacity and the resilience of the British Foreign Secretary have been widely and justly praised, even by his political opponents in this country. What impresses and delights me about Selwyn Lloyd is his moral and physical stamina. I can think easily enough of more than one of his predecessors in his great office who, long before now, would have been shrieking for the smelling-salts and the stimulants; and, without being too fiercely partisan, I find it difficult to believe that the Labour Party's " shadow " Foreign Secretary would have been either as dogged or as forbearing as Mr. Lloyd.

In diplomacy as in war it is sometimes necessary simply and solidly to soldier on; Mr. Lloyd has done just this, and has done it with good temper, courtesy and a considerable degree of finesse. Now that all the rumpus has died down, it is possible to wonder whether the Political Correspondent of *The Times* was either accurate or prudent in writing his famous " Enough is enough " story, which became the nine-day wonder of Fleet Street and Westminster. That story, by the bye, for which *The Times* never offered any excuse or apology, remains one of the most extraordinary and, in its own morbid way, fascinating episodes in modern political history. I only hope that I live long enough to find out the truth about it.

There will be *two* Summit Conferences between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.—Mr. Eisenhower going to Russia, Mr. Krushchev to America. I Rip Van Winkled back into the world in time to hear this dramatic news, and the hasty corollary that Mr. Eisenhower will first come to Europe to talk to his Western allies. Is it throwing a spanner in the works to say that I hope all those allies will stand firm? A genial, slapdash carving-up of the world into American and Russian spheres of influence might hold out the assurance of peace—of a sort—between these two Great Powers, but it would be a bleak lookout for the rest of us. On this matter I am, stubbornly and unrepentantly, a British Gaullist.

Meanwhile, Vice-President Nixon, who not so long ago was having rocks chucked at him in Latin America, has borne with fortitude the curious hazards of a much publicised visit to the Soviet Union, and has been the victim of more than one of Mr. Krushchev's robust, but slightly macabre, practical jokes. I have long felt that Mr. Krushchev resembles, in behaviour if not in character, those fearsomely jovial fellow-countrymen of his who prance into the fair in *Petrouchka*, pull the pretty girls' pigtails and get up to all manner of japes. He brings a factor at once unpredictable and uproarious into the usually rather prim, striped-pants conduct of international relations, which would be delightful if it were not quite so dangerous.

Where next shall we turn in what the diplomats still rather charmingly describe as a *tour d'horizon*? To Laos? To Kerala, where the Government of India is grappling in a confused and sulkily dismayed fashion with the consequences of having a Communist provincial administration behaving in a characteristically Communist way under its very nose? To Canada and the Queen's tour and the appointment of the first French-speaking Canadian as Governor-General? To Ghana, where one leading member of the Opposition after another has been unseated and disenfranchised? To Nyasaland?

One of the more disagreeable collateral effects of the demission of authority in what used to be called the Colonial Empire is that every phase of the process can be—if the Opposition of the day so chooses—converted into a domestic Party issue. More and more often lately, happenings in East and Central Africa have been exploited by the Labour Party in their efforts to damage the reputation of the Conservative Party and oust them from office. The Colonial Secretary long ago succeeded the Chancellor of the Exchequer as the Opposition's Public Enemy Number One, and Mr. Callaghan replaced Mr. Harold Wilson in the role of the Socialist St. George seeking to slay the foully cunning old Tory dragon.

This is part of the Westminster raree-show, and in the lobbies and in the Press Gallery is recognised as such. But these jeers and insults, so easily and so swiftly thrown across the floor of the House, have a different effect when they are reported in newspapers and broadcasts on the other side of the world. Readers and listeners don't say " Dear old Jim and Alan having another of their slanging matches ": their emotions are aroused, and some of these might surprise and shock the politicians.

The Central African Federation is, I know well enough, by no means a perfect solution to a grave and complicated political and constitutional problem. But, so far as the politicians of this country are concerned, has it ever been given a fair chance?

Sir Roy Welensky, who visited Britain while I lay gagged in my dark cupboard, gave characteristically forthright expression to Rhodesian feelings on this matter. The only effect, so far as I have been able to discover, was to encourage his critics to renewed paroxysms of abuse. I keep a commonplace book in which I make my own anthology of sayings and writings—some profound, some silly, some courageous, some moving and some despicable—which come my way. Some months ago I found this above the signature " Peter Simple " in *The Daily Telegraph* and transcribed it at once:

> British progressives regard the white settlers in Central Africa as an increasingly tiresome anachronism. The age of expansion which swept them to their present homes is over and half-forgotten; they are seen as so much flotsam left behind by the ebb-tide of imperialism. The temptation is strong to do a deal with African nationalism over their heads and at their expense. I am sorry, but this really will not do. We were not born yesterday. Our nation exists in time. It has a continuity which cannot honourably—or even possibly—be denied. The past controls the present; what we did yesterday limits what we can do today. The slate is not clean; our hands are not free. We may not approve of all the settlers do. Their interests and aspirations may not wholly coincide with ours. None the less they remain our brothers—children of the same motherland. If we disown them, if we deny them—for whatever great end—the understanding and priority in our affection which are duly theirs, we commit fratricide—perhaps suicide.

This seems to me sharply apposite as well as sane and wholesome. But in their lust after scapegoats will the progressives ever pause and hearken to this warning—until it is too late? Let us leave this question to be answered (as it certainly will be) by history, and rejoin the coach for the rest of our *tour d'horizon*. The Middle East is in very much the same shape as it was two months ago, ramshackle as ever and as full of explosive potential. But the big bang which I predicted early in the summer has not, I frankly confess, happened yet. There must be a flaw in my crystal ball. However, the hissing and spluttering noises to which I drew attention have certainly not abated. In Iraq, Kassem celebrated the first anniversary of the revolution—regicide and all—with a big street beano and the arrest of a large number of Army officers. Do officers in Middle Eastern armies nowadays put in for danger-money when they accept their commissions, not to provide against death in battle but against being tripped up in a political purge? I should like to know what proportion of the officer cadre of the Jordan Army, for example, must now be behind prison bars?

The Foreign Service in more than one Arab country is hardly less vulnerable. Over the August Bank Holiday week-end no fewer than three Jordanian Ambassadors—including my old and hearty acquaintance, Azmi Nashashibi—were suddenly relieved of their jobs, on the somewhat surprising grounds of " ill-health," and successors, presumably more capable of standing the strain of diplomatic life in London or in Chiang Kai-shek's capital, were as suddenly appointed.

A VITAL REPORT TO THE WHITE HOUSE: President Eisenhower sits in Washington with Vice-President Nixon. Between them is Mr. Milton Eisenhower, the President's brother, who accompanied Mr. Nixon on his tour of Russia and Poland. On his return to the United States Mr. Nixon gave the President a detailed report which was of vital importance in view of Mr. Khrushchev's impending visit to America.

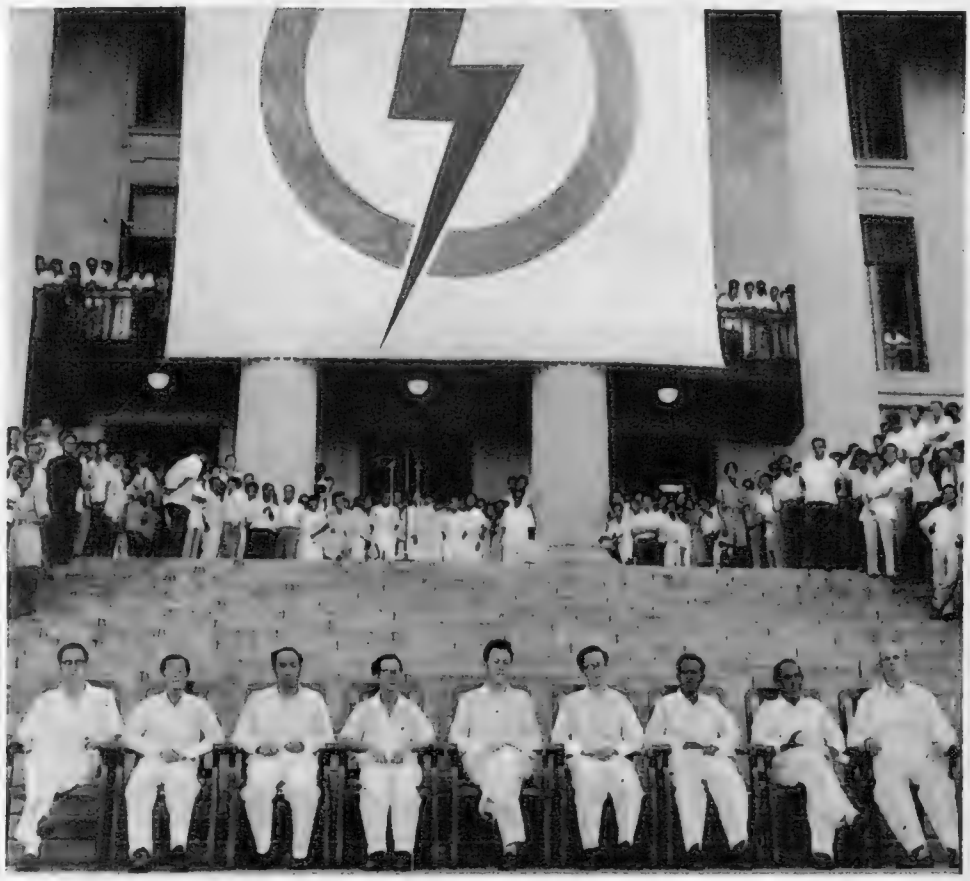
Nasser, like Kassem, has also had an anniversary to celebrate: his was the " nationalisation " of the Suez Canal Company. He and his advisers are, it seems, diligent students of the Israeli Press, for he used an article by General Moshe Dayan (the former Chief of Staff of the Israeli Army) in a Tel Aviv newspaper, *Davar*, as an excuse for a major verbal onslaught on Israel in the course of his commemorative oration in Alexandria.

Dayan had suggested that if the Egyptians persist—quite illegally—in their seizure of Israeli products which are sent by way of the Suez Canal, Israel might " return the hostility." The idea of Israel hitting back when she has been provoked always causes bellows of Arab and Egyptian protest—as well as a great flapping of damp, agitated hands in the State Department and the British Foreign Office. (About its effect on the Secretary-General of the United Nations I cannot really trust myself to speak.) Nasser gave forth in his boldest manner. If there is another invasion of Sinai, he announced, " this time we shall exterminate Israel. We are waiting for a decisive battle to . . . remove the shame of 1948." Of course there was no shame in 1956, just a lot of Russian tanks which Israel captured. So this time the Egyptian Army is much stronger, because (as Nasser declared) factories in Egypt will produce their first tank next year.

There seems some familiarity about this arc of the horizon. Perhaps, returning to our seats after the interval in which " transmission has been suspended, as the result of circumstances beyond our control," we shall discover that, after all, this is where we came in.

THE NEWS YOU MISSED

A Survey of News at Home and Abroad Which Would Have Appeared in Pictures in "The Sphere" During the Past Eight Weeks



THE FIRST INDEPENDENT GOVERNMENT OF SINGAPORE: In the Cabinet formed by Mr. Lee Kuan Yew (leader of the People's Action Party) are, from left to right, Mr. Yong Nyuk Lin (Education); Mr. Ong Pang Boon (Home Affairs); Dr. Goh Keng Swee (Finance); Dr. Toh Chin Chye (Deputy Prime Minister); Mr. Lee Kuan Yew; Mr. Ong Eng Guan (National Development); Inche Ahmad bin Ibrahim (Health); Mr. S. Rajaratnam (Culture); and Mr. M. Byrne (Labour and Law). The picture was taken shortly after the swearing-in ceremony in the City Hall in Singapore. The formation of the Government followed the overwhelming victory of the People's Action Party (P.A.P.) in the elections at the end of May. Under the new Constitution, Sir William Goode, formerly Governor of Singapore, has become Head of Country and the United Kingdom High Commissioner.

AFRICAN WOMEN RIOT: Police make a baton charge against native women demonstrating in Cato Manor, an African township of Durban. Trouble began when a crowd of women, estimated to number 5,000, demonstrated against local beer halls. They were believed to be retaliating against the destruction of a large quantity of illicitly distilled liquor. The demonstration soon turned into a riot. Municipal offices were set on fire and fire-engines and buses were stoned. Police fired with rifles and automatic guns and charged the screaming, hysterical women with batons. Twelve Africans and a constable were admitted to hospital in mid-June.

LETTERS BY MISSILE: In a cloud of smoke from its rocket boosters, a Regulus I missile is launched from the U.S. submarine *Barbero*. Sent up approximately 100 miles from the coast of Florida, the missile made a 22-minute flight, carrying some 3,000 letters despatched by the U.S. Post Office Department, marking the first known shipment of mail by guided missile. After the Regulus I landed at the naval auxiliary air station at Mayport, in Florida, on June 8th, the letters were taken to Jacksonville, from where they were sent by normal overland despatch. They included some addressed to Mr. Eisenhower, Mr. Nixon, members of Congress, and all members of the Universal Postal Union. The U.S. Postmaster-General, Mr. Summerfield, said that the method appeared "highly practical." He added that missiles may eventually provide swifter mail delivery to areas where transport is infrequent.

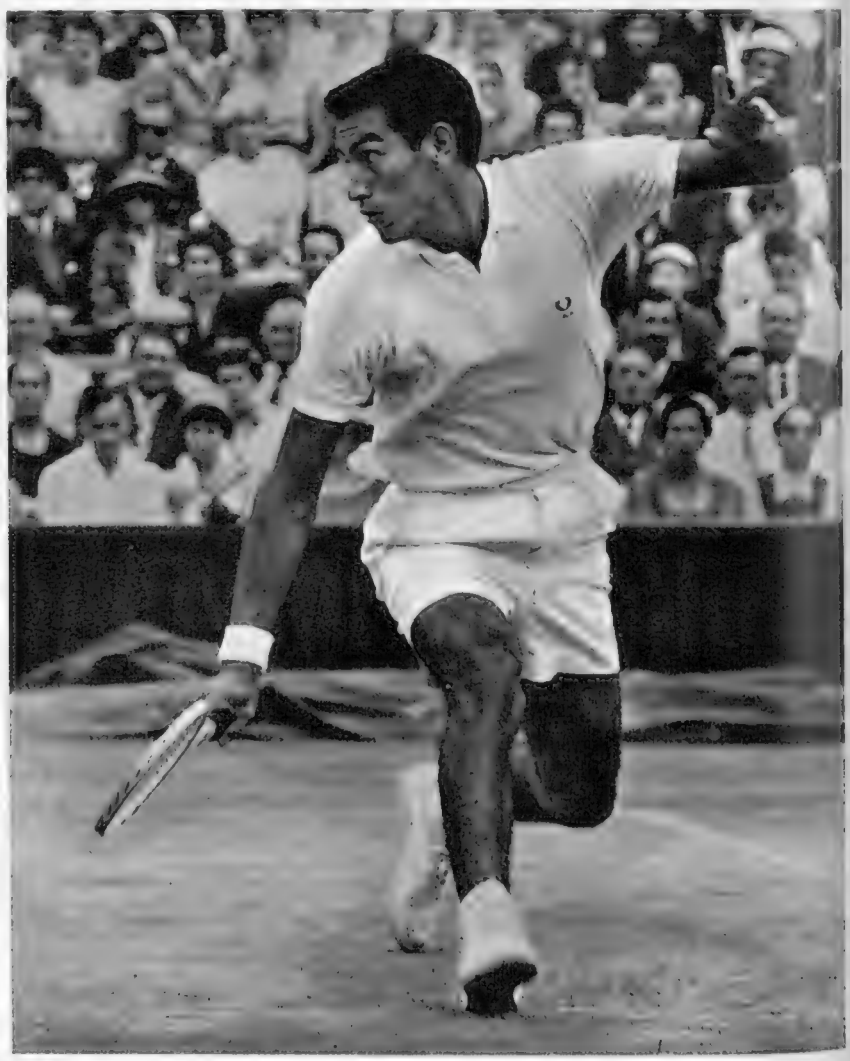
CONTROVERSIAL FIGURES IN WEST GERMANY: Dr. Adenauer, the Federal Chancellor, and Herr Erhard chat together on the benches in the Parliament in Bonn during the debate on the economic integration of the Saarland with West Germany. The Saar became a Federal Province as a result of a plebiscite in 1956. The picture of Dr. Adenauer and Herr Erhard was one of the first to be taken of them together after their differences over the succession to the West German Presidency. Dr. Adenauer having decided not to stand, Herr Luebke, the Minister of Agriculture, was elected President on July 6. He will succeed President Heuss on September 15.

THE NEWS YOU MISSED

THE JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER IN LONDON: Mr. Kishi shakes hands with Mr. Macmillan outside No. 10, Downing Street, after lunching there. During his four-day visit to London the Japanese Premier also met Mr. Heathcoat Amory, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir David Eccles, the President of the Board of Trade. His conversations with Ministers in mid-July were reported to be largely concerned with finance and economics, including British claims for damages to property during the Sino-Japanese War between 1937 and 1941. These claims were covered in the Peace Treaty of 1952 but have still to be settled. Other subjects discussed were the general state of Anglo-Japanese relations and the international situation as a whole. Among Mr. Kishi's other engagements was a reception given for him by the U.K. branch of the Inter-Parliamentary Union.

THE H-BOMB CONTROVERSY: Mr. Frank Cousins (left), the General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, sits with the Union's Assistant Secretary, Mr. Nicholas, at Douglas, in the Isle of Man. They were discussing the agenda for the T.G.W.U. conference at which Mr. Cousins made a speech attacking the Labour Party's official "Non-nuclear Club" policy and advocating virtually unilateral rejection of the bomb by Britain. A motion supporting Mr. Cousins was passed by the conference on July 9.

THE RELEASE OF DR. FUCHS: The former Harwell atomic scientist, who was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment in 1950 for betraying secret information "directly or indirectly useful to an enemy," prepares to leave London Airport for Germany. He had been released from Wakefield Gaol, having earned full remission of his sentence. In Berlin Dr. Klaus Fuchs was met by his father, Dr. Emil Fuchs, a Professor of Theology, and was reported to have gone to stay with him in Leipzig. The younger Fuchs was chief of the Theoretical Physics Branch of the Atomic Research Establishment at Harwell at the time of his arrest nine years ago. On his release from prison on June 23 this year he was given a special police escort from Wakefield to London Airport because of the very great public interest in his plans and intentions for the future.



THE 1959 WIMBLEDON MEN'S SINGLES CHAMPION: Alex Olmedo, of Peru, a member of last year's winning U.S. Davis Cup team, plays a backhand in the Men's Singles final against the unseeded Australian, R. Laver. Upholding his position at the top of the seeding list, Olmedo defeated Laver in straight sets, 6—4, 6—3, 6—4, the match lasting only seventy minutes. Olmedo's sternest fight was in the third round against the Indian, Krishnan, who had previously beaten him in the Queen's Club tournament. Laver reached the final after a gruelling 87-game marathon against the American, Mackay, in the semi-final. The Ladies' champion was Miss Maria Bueno, of Brazil, who beat Miss Darlene Hard, of the U.S.A., in two sets. This year's Men's Doubles winners were the Australians, N. Fraser and R. Emerson, who defeated their compatriots, R. Laver and R. Mark, 8—6, 6—3, 14—16, 9—7.

THE NEWS YOU MISSED

On left—

A TRIP ON THE VOLGA: The Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia takes the wheel of the *Arkady Gaidar* for a voyage on the Volga near Stalingrad during his two-week State visit to the Soviet Union. An outcome of the visit was the signature of a trade pact between Russia and Ethiopia. This was announced by Mr. Khrushchev at a reception for His Imperial Majesty in Moscow. The Russian Premier said that trade would be increased between the two countries and that Russia would export machinery and ferrous products in return for Ethiopian hides, groundnuts and oil seeds. Before he left Moscow in mid-July for a further tour of Europe, Haile Selassie invited Mr. Khrushchev to visit Ethiopia. The invitation was accepted.

Below—

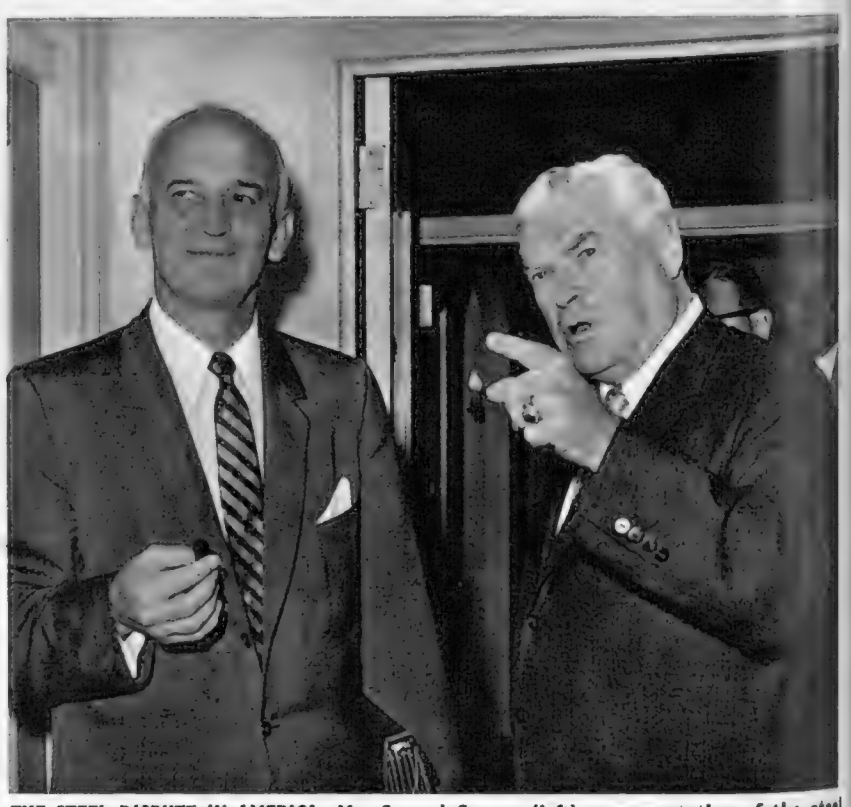
ROYAL WEDDING IN BELGIUM: Prince Albert, heir-presumptive to the Belgian throne, shakes hands with his brother, King Baudouin, while his bride, Donna Paolo Ruffo di Calabria, turns and smiles at her mother (far left) and Queen Mother Elisabeth of the Belgians. King Leopold is on King Baudouin's left. The picture was taken after the civil ceremony in the Empire Room of the Royal Palace in Brussels and before the religious service at the church of St. Michel and St. Gudule. The bride wears a white satin dress and white veil of Brussels lace. Prince Albert is in the uniform of a Commander of the Belgian Royal Navy. During the religious service a message from the Pope was read to the bride and bridegroom. The marriage took place at the beginning of July. The bride is the daughter of the late Prince Fulco Ruffo di Calabria, who was the head of a leading family of South Italy.

THE NEWS YOU MISSED

THE DEATH OF GROCK: The world-famous clown died at Imperia, Italy, on July 14. He was seventy-nine. Although he retired in 1954 he had appeared occasionally since on Italian television. Grock, whose real name was Karl Adrien Wettach, was the son of a Swiss watchmaker. He had joined a travelling circus by the time he was twelve and at the age of fifteen toured Switzerland with his sister as a tightrope walker and acrobat. At one time he could play twenty-four musical instruments. Before and after the First World War Grock was often to be seen on the London stage, notably at the Coliseum, but a brush with the income-tax men is said to have kept him away in later years. After the Second World War his name appeared in the headlines from time to time, and in 1951 Grock gave his first performance with his own circus when he started a German tour at Hamburg.

THE NEW CABINET IN INDONESIA : In Jakarta President Sukarno is sworn-in as Prime Minister, thus combining this office with his position as Head of State. In the changes in the Indonesian Government, on July 9, he also became Supreme Commander. Dr. Djuanda, the outgoing Premier, became First Minister and Minister of Finance. General Nasution, the Chief of Staff and the country's "strong man," took over the Defence Ministry. Dr. Sukarno announced that the main programme of the Cabinet would be: (1) to provide food and other necessities for the people in the shortest possible time; (2) to establish security for the people; and (3) to continue "the fight against economic and political imperialism." The last point was considered to cover claims on New Guinea.

A PAINTER OF HORSES AND COUNTRY LIFE: Sir Alfred Munnings, a past President of the Royal Academy, died on July 17 at the age of eighty. In 1898, at the age of twenty, he sent three pictures to the Royal Academy and two of them were accepted. Neither of the two works was a horse subject, although his chief reputation later came to rest on his painting of horses. He spent a great deal of his time moving about the countryside, painting gypsies, horse fairs and race meetings. Sir Alfred held his first one-man show in the Leicester Galleries, London, in 1913. In 1919 he was elected an A.R.A. and six years later to the full rank of Royal Academician. In 1944 he was knighted and elected President of the Royal Academy, a position he held till 1949, when he resigned. He was created K.C.V.O. in 1947. An artist relying on the accuracy with which he represented his subjects, Sir Alfred was noted for his periodical attacks on some tendencies of modern art.



THE STEEL DISPUTE IN AMERICA: Mr. Conrad Cooper (left), representative of the steel industry, and Mr. David J. MacDonald, of the United Steelworkers' Union, pose during a break in the unsuccessful negotiations in New York regarding new contracts for steelworkers. The contracts expired on June 30 but President Eisenhower succeeded in extending negotiations till July 15. On that date, the talks having been abortive, the strike of about 500,000 steelworkers throughout the country began. The union is claiming an increase of just over 15 cents on the average wage of $3.10 (about 21s 6d) per hour. The industry wants a wage standstill for a year, with a small increase in a year's time, maintaining that higher prices, adverse to the national economy, would result from an increase at present. Profits for the first six months of the year, recently announced, reached record levels, perhaps strengthening the union's case. President Eisenhower had not intervened by the beginning of August.

THE NEWS YOU MISSED

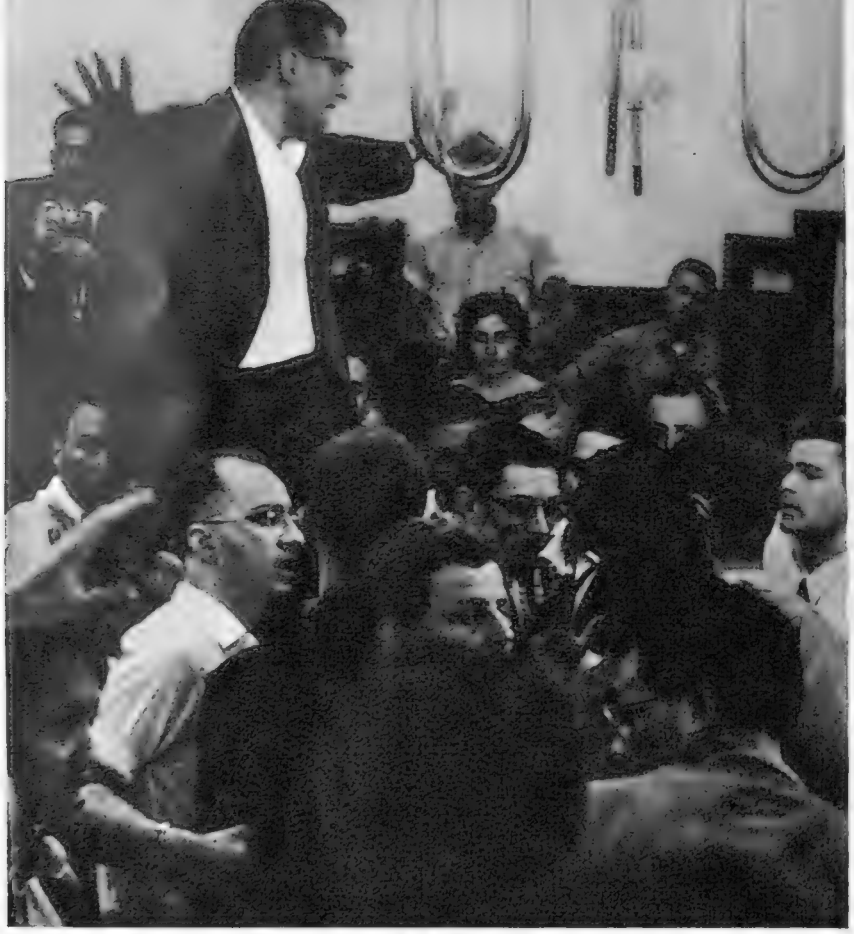
The first stage of the Foreign Ministers' Conference at Geneva ended in deadlock on June 19. After an adjournment of three and a half weeks, the East and West representatives reassembled on July 13. During the interim period there had been much activity in London, Washington, Paris and Bonn in the hope of finding some formula for a temporary agreement over Berlin with Russia and East Germany which would make a Summit Conference possible. A curious feature of the proceedings when the Foreign Ministers met for the second stage was that each side seemed to have reversed its initial policy. The West was now prepared to take Berlin out of the context of the general German question and seek a separate solution, whereas Russia, which had originally insisted on Berlin being treated separately, now wanted the matter brought into the broader consideration of Germany as a whole. The Conference adjourned, without fixing any date for further meetings, on August 5. By then events at Geneva were overshadowed by the prospect of the Khrushchev-Eisenhower exchange of visits.

THE FOREIGN MINISTERS' CONFERENCE AT GENEVA: After a luncheon party at the United States Secretary of State's villa, Mr. Herter comes to the door with his chief guests. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is cracking a joke and pointing a finger at the journalists and photographers waiting for the Foreign Ministers. M. Couve de Murville is on the left and Mr. Gromyko on the right. The picture was taken on July 24.

THE NEWS YOU MISSED

THE AFFAIRS OF KERALA: Red flags emblazoned with the hammer and sickle and banners with slogans are carried along a road in Calcutta. The purpose of the demonstration was to protest against intervention by the Indian Central Government in the State of Kerala. At the elections of 1957 this State in Southern India voted-in a Communist Government. Early this year accusations of "misrule" and "perversion of justice" were being made by the non-Communists. From May onwards there was a series of disturbances and riots in which loss of life was heavy. When it became apparent at the end of July that the President of India would exercise his constitutional powers and take over the Kerala administration pending fresh elections, there were protests and demonstrations by Communists in many parts of India.

ANNIVERSARY PARADE IN BAGDAD: General Kassem takes the salute during the ceremonie held to mark the first anniversary of the revolution which brought him to power On the left is General Najib El Rubai, the President of the Sovereignty Council. Soo after this parade, which was held on July 14, General Kassem gave a series of warnings t the Communists in Iraq. He accused them of responsibility for the massacre of women an children in the oil town of Kirkuk and of plotting against him. He threatened to take strong action if the Communists did not cease their activities.



THE SEVENTH WORLD FESTIVAL OF YOUTH IN VIENNA: Malcolm Rivkin, from Cambridge, Massachusetts, calls for silence during a meeting of American delegates to the Communist-sponsored festival. The Communists had ordered that only American Communists would be recognised as official delegates to the festival; the meeting was to decide what steps to take to get all delegates into it. The World Youth Festival, which was stated by the Communist organisers to be non-political in character, was boycotted by most non-Communist youth organisations of the world, including those of Austria. Delegates attending numbered about 17,000, against twice that number at the last youth festival, which was held in Moscow. There were several scuffles and incidents between the Communists and the non-Communists during the ten days from 26th July to 4th August.

SPAIN BECOMES A FULL MEMBER OF THE O.E.E.C.: At the Château de la Muette in Paris where the Council of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation met Sir Hugh Ellis (left), of the United Kingdom, chairman of the Council, shakes hands with Sr. Jose Nunez, the Spanish Ambassador and Permanent Representative to the O.E.E.C. after Spain's admission as a full member of the Organisation. Spain has been a partial member for a number of years, and when she applied for full membership the decision of the Council was unanimous. After Spain's admission, on July 20, it was announced that £36,000,000 credits would be granted to her from the funds of the European Monetary Agreement. In addition, Spain was granted nearly £27,500,000 credits from the International Monetary Fund and about £71,500,000 from the United States.

THE NEWS YOU MISSED

BITTERNESS OVER AFRICA: At a meeting on Central Africa at Central Hall, Westminster, at the end of July, chairs are used by demonstrators. The meeting was held shortly after the debate in the Commons on the Devlin Commission Report on Nyasaland. The House rejected the Opposition's amendment to accept the Report and carried the Government motion noting the Report and endorsing the conclusion that a policy of violence had been adopted by the Nyasaland African Congress Leadership and that the declaration of a state of emergency was fully justified. Strongly critical of Governmental policy in Nyasaland, the Report in its terms of reference laid responsibility on the shoulders of Sir Robert Armitage, the Governor of the Protectorate, and Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary.

On right—

DR. FIDEL CASTRO IS PRIME MINISTER AGAIN: The bearded Cuban leader agreed to resume the Premiership on the anniversary of his successful revolution against the Batista regime. He had declared his intention to resign a few days earlier on July 17th.

CELEBRATIONS IN EGYPT: Members of the National Guard march in the military parade through Cairo held on the seventh anniversary of the coup d'état of July 23, 1952, which led to the abdication of King Farouk and opened the way for Colonel Nasser eventually to assume control. Large crowds gathered to hear President Nasser speak at this year's celebrations. Egyptian and United Arab Republic policies changed little during the midsummer months. In spite of the President's frequent anti-Communist utterances, Soviet influence in Egypt was thought to have been increased through further arrangements over the Aswan High Dam project. The "war of words" between Cairo and Bagdad radio stations continued unabated. More serious, perhaps, was the very violent tone of some of Colonel Nasser's references to Israel and the strength of the U.A.R. military forces.

THE "OUTER SEVEN" TRADE PACT: Mr. Heathcoat Amory, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, talks in Stockholm with Hr. Ake Malmeus (left), a senior official of the Swedish Foreign Ministry, and Hr. Bertel Dahlgaard, the Danish Minister for Economic and Nordic Affairs. They had met for the "Outer Seven" trade conference which began in the Swedish capital on July 20. The members of the "Outer Seven" are Britain, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Portugal and Switzerland. They agreed in principle in Stockholm on the formation of a free trade area among themselves. A treaty is to be drafted for ratification by the Parliaments of the member-States, and its terms should come into force next July. The countries will cut the tariffs on industrial goods between each other by 20 per cent. The "Outer Seven" hope to negotiate with the Common Market nations.

THE SUSPENSION OF NOTTINGHAM'S CHIEF CONSTABLE: From the left are Councillor Hickling, Alderman Wigmore and Alderman Mitson, members of the Nottingham Watch Committee. They were arriving at the Home Office for discussions with Mr. R. A. Butler on their committee's suspension early in July of Chief Constable Captain Athelstan Popkess. Soon after the talks with the Home Secretary it was agreed that he be reinstated on August 9. The suspension came after Captain Popkess had refused to disclose to the Watch Committee the report of a Scotland Yard investigation he had ordered into the activities of two councillors and the Secretary of the Nottingham Labour Party.

THE NEWS YOU MISSED

On left—

A NEW WAY OF CROSSING THE
Throwing up a cloud of spray weed, the Saunders-Roe Hoverc makes its landfall on the shin at Dover. It had crossed th Channel from Calais in 2 hour Officials of the National Research ment Corporation, which is spon builders, the Saunders-Roe Airc pany, were reported to be delighte machine's performance, although took rather longer than anticipated the possible future uses of a large hovercraft is as a cross-Channel ca senger ferry. The crossing of th was delayed for one day becaus winds and rough seas, but conditi following day, Saturday, July 25 (anniversary of Blériot's pioneering the Channel) were favourable. Lea at 4.49 a.m., the hovercraft arrived shortly before 7 a.m. On the F machine had given a demonstration thousand French people. The first flight over water was in th where a fifteen-minute test was ca Its next public appearance was wh part in Exercise "Runaground," demonstration of amphibious warf beaches at Eastney, Portsmouth. E gained in the first test on water metal bows being fitted to reduce th of spray on the driver's cabin. Th stration at Portsmouth was watche Orr-Ewing, Parliamentary and Secretary to the Admiralty, officers Ministry of Defence Amphibious Department, officers from the Ba countries, and foreign military a Attachés. After the Channel cross pointed out by officials that the machine was already obsolescent, stated that the machine was a "very form of hovercraft." Saunders-Roe works at Cowes, Isle of Wight, hovercraft was built, are prepari for a first prototype ten times as la present model, weighing some 40 possibly powered by a Rolls-Ro turbo-prop engine.

IN CALAIS HARBOUR: The SR-N1 Hovercraft is on the deck of the Admiralty lighter which carried it across the Channel from the Isle of Wight. French people on the quay their first glimpse of the revolutionary form of transport. The Hovercraft's oval-shaped body, giving rise to the term "flying saucer," is predominantly a buoyanc that it can float on water. Behind the pilot's cockpit is the central circular duct, containing the fan producing the cushion of air on which the craft rides.

E HOVERCRAFT SHOWS ITS PACES TO THE FRENCH: In the Channel near Calais the revolutionary machine leaves a great, white-flecked wake behind as it gives a demonstration before its Channel crossing. The white central air duct dominates the structure. At the sides of the machine are the horizontal air ducts which provide forward and backward movement as the craft rides on its air cushion about 18 ins. above water. Capable of speeds of up to 25 knots, it is powered by a 450 h.p. aircraft piston engine.

IN HANNIBAL'S FOOTSTEPS

A British Expedition with an Elephant Over the Alps

One of the most astonishing military feats in history was Hannibal's invasion of Italy over the Alps in 218 B.C. The Romans held command of the sea, so no other course was open to the Carthaginians when they marched into Gaul from Spain. At that time, Hannibal's army reputedly consisted of 90,000 foot soldiers, several thousand horses and thirty-seven elephants. The last-named formed a kind of armoured unit and they undoubtedly contributed materially towards many of his victories, although the strongest tactical weapon was probably the Numidian cavalry.

Climbing up into the snow and ice of the mountains, the Carthaginians, accustomed to the warm North African climate, suffered terribly. They were also attacked by local tribes. When after fifteen days the army descended on to the plain of Lombardy, it is said to have numbered no more than 20,000 men and 6,000 horses. Nevertheless, Hannibal went on to win his resounding triumphs at Trebbia, Trasimene and Cannae and for several years held a large part of the Italian peninsula in subjugation.

For centuries scholars have debated the question of the mountain route followed by the invaders in the Punic Wars. A favourite suggestion is that Hannibal and his men went over the Col du Clapier near the Mont Cenis Pass. This summer a group from Cambridge University, under the leadership of Mr. John Hoyte, an engineer, decided to make a practical experiment and follow in the footsteps of the Carthaginians. The London *News Chronicle* associated itself with the British Hannibal expedition, as the adventure was soon called.

An amazing aspect of Hannibal's achievement was that he took elephants over these almost insuperable mountains. Even Napoleon, who crossed the Alps 2,000 years later, did not do that. In order to carry out their plan correctly Mr. Hoyte and his companions realised that at least one elephant would be a necessary adjunct to their party. So Jumbo, a female of the species, was enrolled from the Turin Zoo.

Of course, Jumbo does not conform altogether with the requirements for one of Hannibal's beasts. She is an Indian elephant. The Carthaginian "armoured corps" was more likely to have been composed of African elephants, though there is reason to suppose that the Indian kind were employed in Carthage. Jumbo was once in a circus and purists might doubt whether any of Hannibal's animals were professional performers of this type. Further, it might be pointed out that whereas the Carthaginians were extremely unpopular among the inhabitants of the Alpine foothills, Mr. Hoyte and his expedition proved a tremendous attraction and their progress was followed by a large party of Press and radio reporters and television cameramen. However, Hannibal might counter this publicity with a reminder that he had the advantage of being reported in the immortal prose of Polybius and Titus Livius.

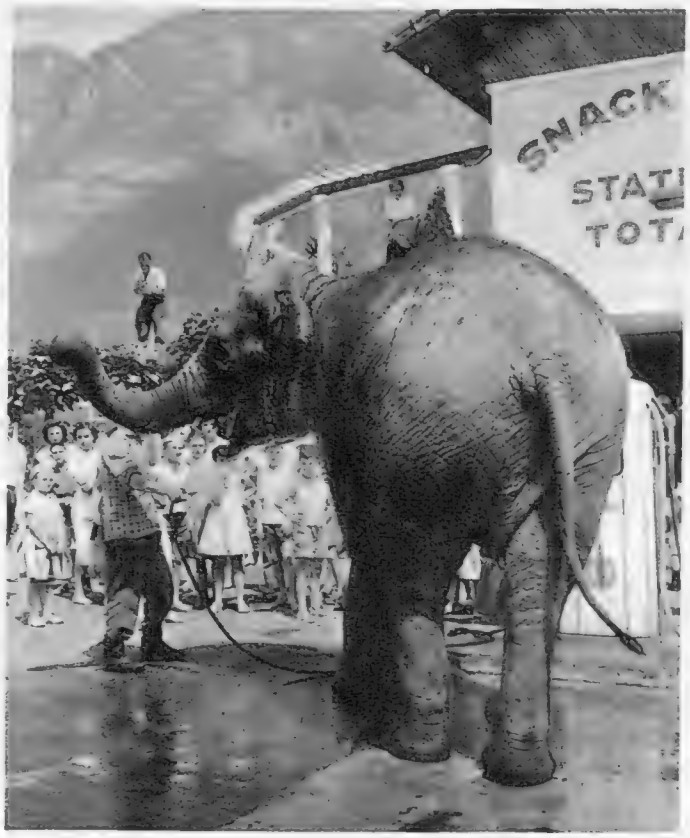
The journey of Mr. Hoyte and Jumbo began in the small town of Montmelian, in French Savoy. The Mayor cut a ribbon strung across the road to mark the formal start and a sixty-piece band sent them on their way with music. Jumbo enjoyed this and beating time with her trunk seemed to imagine that she was back in the circus. On the first stage of the march the heat was tremendous, but this did not deter a large crowd from accompanying the expedition along the road. At Aiguebelle Jumbo showed that she was not altogether aware of her serious role in an important piece of historical research. She entertained her followers by playing a mouth-organ and then squirting water over them.

Good progress was made and soon the Hannibal party was out of the heat climbing up the mountains. Scientific observations were made with pedometer and altimeter, and Mr. Hoyte, abiding strictly by the historical record, insisted on a halt at a place where the Carthaginians are said to have been delayed by an ambush of local tribesmen. On Tuesday, July 28, the Mont Cenis Pass was reached. Thus Jumbo could claim without any likelihood of contradiction that she is the first elephant to cross the Alps for over 2,000 years. Besides engaging in this historic role she has also assisted in raising funds for refugees from onlookers and camp followers of the march.

On right—

ON THE ROAD: Led by her keeper, Ernst Gobold, Jumbo crosses a bridge over the River Ysere beneath the high precipices of the Alps.

RE-ENACTING AN EPIC ADVENTURE IN ALPINE SNOWS: Jumbo, a female elephant from the Turin Zoo, tramps along the Mont Cenis Pass, in Italy. She was being taken by an expedition, organised by Cambridge University, from France over the Alps into Italy along the route which is believed to have been followed by Hannibal and his Carthaginians in 218 B.C.



COOLING DOWN: Water from a hose is played on Jumbo in Montmelian. This little town in French Savoy was the starting-point for the expedition's march. The Carthaginian army in the Punic Wars took thirty-seven elephants over the Alps.

THE START: The Mayor of Montmelian cuts a tape in front of Jumbo for the Hannibal expedition to make its formal start.

TIME FOR A REST: During a brief halt Jumbo lies down on the grass. On the first leg of the march the heat from the sun was gruelling.

JOURNEY'S END: A band plays and men and women dance as the town of Susa, in Italy, holds high festival after the arrival of Jumbo.

AT THE AMERICAN FAIR IN MOSCOW: Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Nixon gesture as they talk during their tour of the United States Fair in Solniki Park. While they were at the Fair, which Mr. Nixon had come to Moscow to open, the incident occurred in which they engaged publicly in heated controversy on a number of subjects.

AT A COAL-MINE: Mr. Nixon prepares to descend near Sverdlovsk. The climax to his Russian tour was news of the Khrushchev-Eisenhower exchange visits.

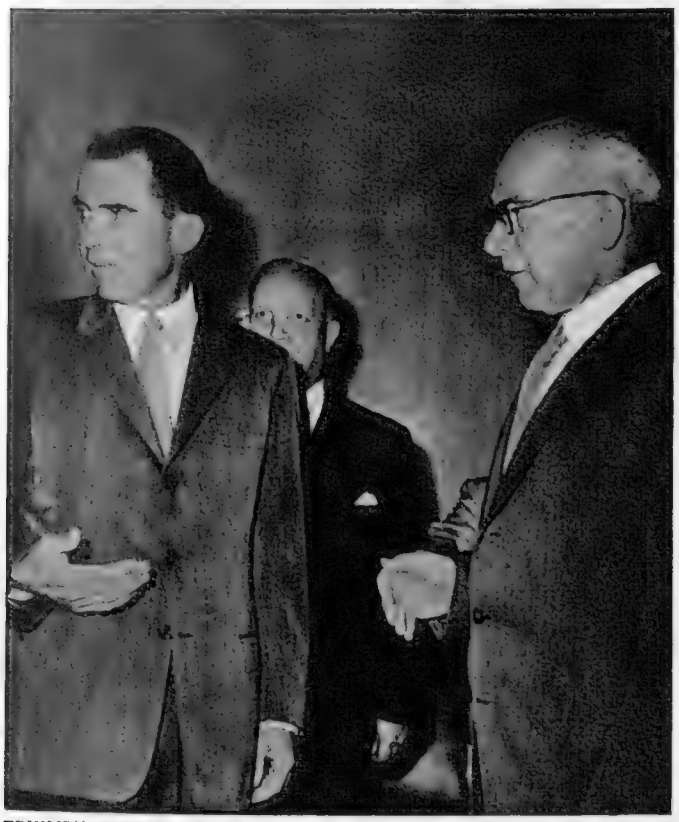
Mr. Nixon on Tour

The American Vice-President in Russia and Poland

While Mr. Nixon was in Russia it was widely reported that Mr. Khrushchev was to be invited to visit the United States of America. This was officially confirmed in Washington and in Moscow shortly after the American Vice-President had left the Soviet Union for Poland. According to the formal announcements, the Soviet Premier is to go to America next month. Further, President Eisenhower is to return the visit by journeying to Russia in the autumn. Before the Soviet-American exchange of visits, Mr. Eisenhower is expected to come to Europe for consultation with the Western Powers. These important diplomatic activities are generally regarded as the logical outcome of Mr. Macmillan's policy which he initiated by his own visit to the Soviet Union earlier this year.

Mr. Nixon's Russian tour showed that he was as capable of handling public relations as Mr. Khrushchev. On at least one occasion they engaged in controversy in front of the Press and the television cameras. And they appeared to enjoy themselves. The American Vice-President's itinerary included a visit to Leningrad, where he saw the atomic ice-breaker *Lenin*. From Moscow he went to Poland. His entry into Warsaw was triumphal, vast crowds cheering him and breaking through the police barriers to acclaim him. These scenes were repeated on the ensuing days of his stay in Poland.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY: Spectators applaud Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Nixon near Moscow. They were spending a day at the country residence of Mr. Khrushchev.



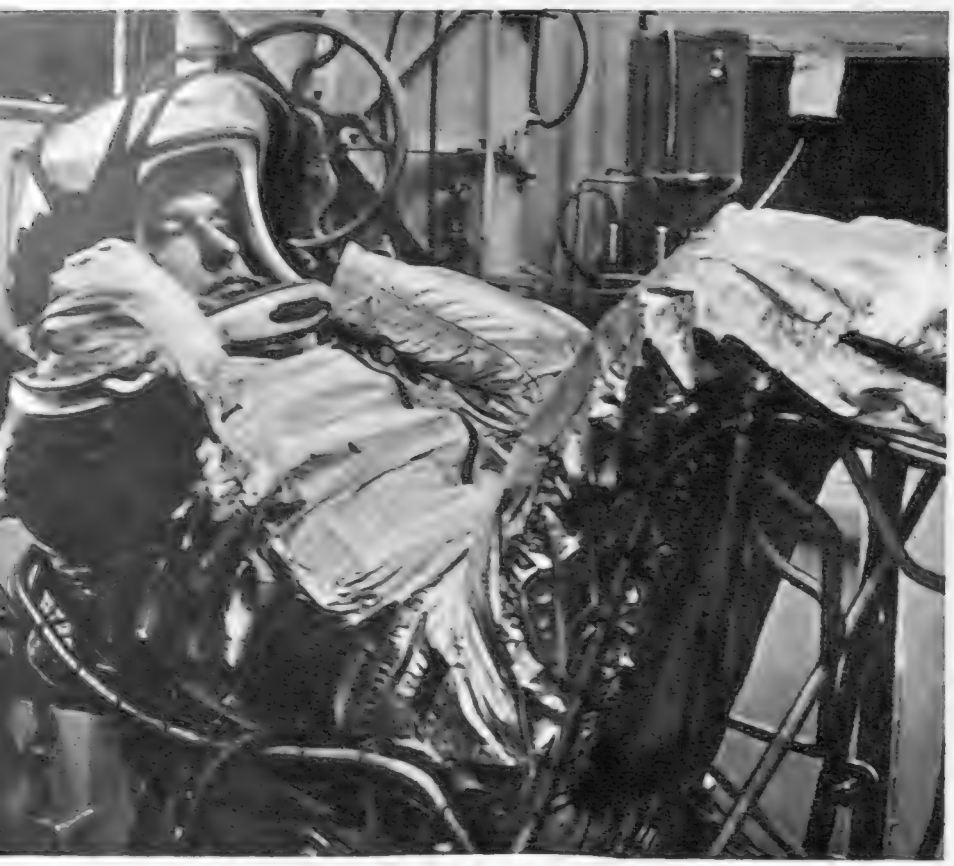
TRIUMPH IN WARSAW: Mr. Nixon confers with Mr. Gomulka, the Polish Communist leader. The American Vice-President was given several public ovations while he was in Poland.

DISCUSSION ON PUBLIC RELATIONS: In the television studios in Moscow Mr. Nixon stands in front of a microphone and makes points about broadcasting technique to Mr. Khrushchev. On the right Marshal Voroshilov, the Soviet President, Mr. Mikoyan and Mr. Kozlov listen attentively.

PREPARATIONS FOR SPACE

The Training of American Astronauts for Project "Mercury"; Men Without Weight

PREPARING TO FLY INTO SPACE: *Left*—At the U.S. Naval Air Material Centre in Philadelphia, a member of the test personnel wears the new Mark 4 omni-environmental spa He is being prepared to be shot up to the top of the 145-ft. tower to simulate conditions inside a missile launching him into space. Within the first 72 ins. of s he is subjected to 19G (in other words, his weight is multiplied nineteen times). *Right*—At the Philadelphia centre, one of the "guinea-pigs" tests the space conditions of extreme cold. The fog is produced when he leaves the special room (where temperatures are 60 degrees below zero) for normal room temper

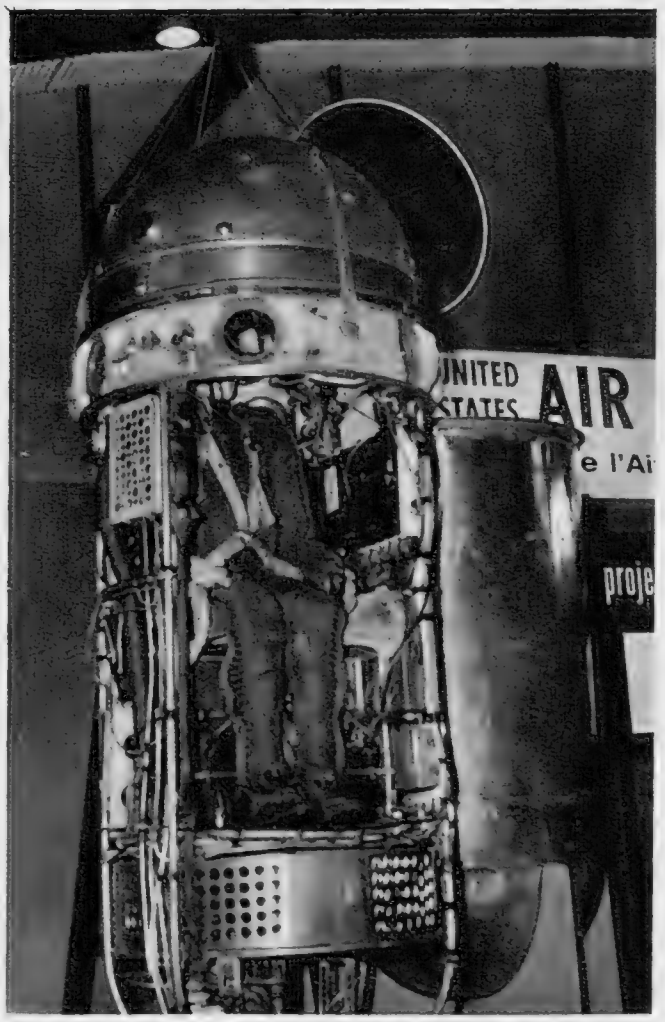


PREPARING FOR PROJECT "MERCURY": One of the seven men being prepared for the American attempt to put a man into space, Captain L. R. Cooper, of the U.S. Air Force, undergoes simulation tests at the Wright Air Development Centre at Dayton, Ohio.

The voyage made by two monkeys in an American guided missile was really a flight of Project "Mercury," the plan to put a man into orbit round the earth. is, according to reports, no likelihood that this will be attempted before 1961. the attempt is made, the seven volunteers for the trip will undergo a long series and there will be at least twenty-six preliminary flights, organised by the Nation nautics and Space Administration (N.A.S.A.). So far planned are six flights wi Joes (clusters of four Sergeant missiles); eight with Redstones; two with Jupiters; with Atlases. Some of these will be with animals and some will be aimed to go in Before the main attempt, each of the seven volunteers will be fired in a R guided missile on a short journey of about 120 miles.

EMEN WITHOUT WEIGHT: In the specially-padded cabin of the transport plane three astronauts try to control their movements while undergoing training in weightless flight. In the background sits an observer. The "guinea-pigs" are wearing MC-2 full-pressure space suits. There are seven men in training for the first American manned space flight, which will not, it is reported, take place before 1961.

LATING SPACE CONDITIONS: Captain Cooper and a member of the aeromedical laboratory float upside down during the training in weightless flight. *Left*—Two of the volunteers enjoy the sensation of being without weight. The training takes place in a C-131 transport aircraft from the Dayton Centre.



ON DISPLAY: A dummy spaceman sits in the nose-cone of an Atlas guided missile as part of the American contribution to the 23rd Salon Aéronautique at Le Bourget Airport, France.

CROSS-CHANNEL RACIN

From the Arc de Triomphe to Marble Arch in 40 mins. 44 secs. in the Blériot Anniversary Race

THE FIRST COMPETITOR: Sitting in the back of the boat in the Thames at Chelsea, Captain Walker, S.A.S., approaches his helicopter.

On July 25, 1909, a French engineer and aviator, Louis Blériot, made the first flight across the English Channel in a heavier-than-air machine. He flew from Les Barraques, near Calais, to Dover, the trip taking 37 minutes. For this feat he received a prize of £1,000 from the *Daily Mail*. It was to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Blériot's flight that the *Daily Mail* organised the race between London and Paris. The competition started on July 13 and finished on July 23, more than 120 of some 200 attempts being successfully completed. Forty-five of the attempts were in times under the hour, the winning time being 40 mins. 44 secs., from Paris, achieved by Squadron Leader Charles M. Maugham, one of the Royal Air Force team. He received a prize of £5,000 and a silver trophy. Like most of the competitors achieving fast times, the Squadron Leader used motor-cycles, helicopters and a jet aircraft. The runner-up was a civilian, Mr. Eric Rylands, the managing director of the independent airline Skyways Limited. His time of 41 mins. 41 secs. earned him a prize of £2,500. The third prize of £1,500 went to the leader of the R.A.F. team, Group Captain E. N. Ryder, with a time of 42 mins. 6 secs. The B.E.A. syndicate won the special prize of £1,000 for originality, ingenuity and initiative by using existing public ground transport to finish in just over 61 mins. Ten consolation prizes of £100 were also awarded.

THE WINNER'S After presenting prize, a silver cu cheque for £5,0 Rotherm re, Cha Associated Ne Limited, sha es ha the winner, Squadro Charles Maugham Royal Air Force. winning trip from t Triomphe to Marb 40 mins. 44 secs., Leader Mau ham motor-cycles, two h and a Hunter 7 je

On left—

A SCHOOL HEADM ATTEMPT: Mr. Fer guson, on the first d race, clambers from boat to a helicopte Thames. The h took him to Big from where he Villacoublay by je and then by car t de Triomphe. Mr. received one of the £100 consolation

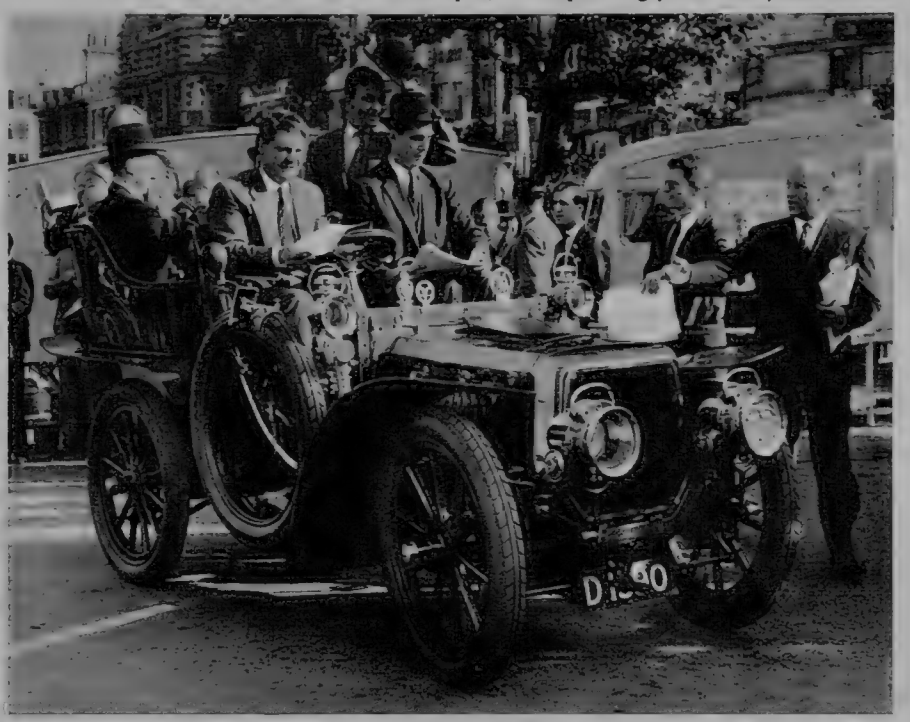
A NAVAL BID: Watched by spectators on the Chelsea Embankment, Lieut.-Commander W. J. Carter, of the Royal Navy, swings along the jackline to shore from a motor launch. His journey from Paris took 44 mins. 14 secs.

SAVING VITAL SECONDS: Commander I. H. Martin, R.N., receives help at the bottom chute he has used to get out of the cockpit of his Scimitar jet bomber at Wit the third day of the race he achieved the fast time of 46 mins. 58 sec

OF THE MORE UNUSUAL METHODS: At Marble Arch Mr. A. D. Piggott stands beside the car towing the collapsible glider which took him across the Channel. The glider was towed from Blackbushe to St. Cyr by a propeller-driven aircraft.

A MAN USED TO SPEED: Stirling Moss, the British motor-racing driver, sprints to his car at Marble Arch. Moss drove to Lydd Airport, flew across the Channel by car-ferry plane and then drove to the Arc de Triomphe, the trip taking just over 2¾ hours.

THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE: The motor-cycle topples over as Captain Roderick Walker dashes off to complete the race in Paris. The first competitor, Captain Walker set up the fastest time for the first two days, receiving a £100 consolation prize.



IN A 1904 PANHARD: A party of Dutchmen from Amsterdam leaves the London checkpoint in a jovial mood on the way to Gatwick Airport. They flew to Le Bourget and travelled on in their veteran car to Paris, taking just under 4½ hours.

RUNNER-UP: Mr. Eric Rylands, managing director of Skyways Limited, jumps on to the pillion of his motor-cycle at the Arc de Triomphe. His trip from London in 41 mins. 41 secs. earned him the second prize.

COMMEMORATING THE FIRST CROSS-CHANNEL FLIGHT: Lord Brabazon of Tara addresses people assembled at the spot near Dover where Louis Blériot landed fifty years ago. Similar ceremonies in honour of the pioneer flier were held on the other side of the Channel.

AT THE MOTOR-CYCLE RACES

Some Recollections of the Machines and Crowd After a First Visit to a Race-meeting

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

MY knowledge of motor-cycling is almost as limited as my knowledge of polo. Not quite: for, whereas I have never played polo, I have ridden a motor-cycle. During my undergraduate career—and, looking back, I think that that word, taken in its broadest sense, aptly describes the passage of those years—I owned two motor-cycles. The first was a Douglas, and it had, so far as I can remember, a sort of gate-change arrangement on the petrol-tank. Be that as it may, it was certainly a most lady-like machine. It "tut-tutted" along. I soon became bored with its circumspect behaviour, and exchanged it (and quite a lot of pounds) for a thing called an Indian, a huge dark-red monster, which made a most satisfactory noise and thundered along at great speed. (Well, a great speed for those days, though I am not at all sure that the modern "undoctored" machine really goes so very much faster.) This Indian had a strange accelerator arrangement, I remember. It was included in the rubber grip on the handlebars (I think the right one), and you twisted the grip when you wanted to go faster or slower. No doubt this was a perfectly adequate arrangement in the hands of an expert. I was not expert. It frequently caused me (and everyone in the immediate vicinity) considerable surprise.

That Indian was very nearly my undoing. It had a sort of rack (it could not, by any stretch of the imagination, be called a pillion-seat) erected over the rear mud-guard. On this rack—it must have been a most uncomfortable ride, for there was only a cushion tied on with string to soften the impact—I once took a girl to dinner in a neighbouring town. It poured with rain on the way back, but that did not deter me. I made excellent time. It was only when I drew up at her front door that I discovered she was no longer with me. I found her some two miles back, unhurt (at least, there were no visible signs of injury) and walking as well as very unsuitable shoes would allow. She was not even angry. But her father—and now I realise how right he was, though at the time I wondered how so foolish a man could have produced so sensible a daughter—was very, very angry.

I am continually reminded of this unfortunate incident because the girl now bears a famous title and is frequently featured in the glossy social magazines. But I have altogether forgotten what happened to the Indian. I suppose that I just grew up: just grew out of it.

That shows that I was never a motor-cyclist, for true motor-cyclists, I am convinced, never grow up. This conviction springs from the fact that I have just been to some motor-cycle races. I do not think that I have ever been among so youthful, so enthusiastic, so knowledgeable, a body of people as those I found at this meeting.

This was the first motor-cycle race-meeting I had been to. I had intended to go to the Isle of Man to watch the T.T. races, for there I would have seen the "stars" of this particular world, the champion professional race-riders on their specially "hotted-up" machines; and, anyway, I like the Isle of Man very much indeed. But then, almost at the last moment, I found it impossible to go. So I went to this race-meeting instead.

I think now that it was just as well, for though I did not see any of the really famous riders, I did see some races. I gather—and, indeed, it is obvious, if you know the Isle of Man and come to think of it—that the average spectator does not really see very much of the T.T.; only a fleeting glimpse of someone flashing by, and that, at its best, only if he is fortunate enough to be able to squeeze himself in at one of the recognised vantage points. But here there was a circuit of only about a mile-and-a-half, so you could see a good deal of the race. And since there were ten races—some of them quite short, three or four laps, and some of them quite long, ten or twelve laps—there was plenty to see.

I suppose that I ought to have found motor-cycle racing tremendously exciting. It quite obviously is to those who know, and almost everyone who goes to motor-cycle racing does know. But I did not know—I still don't—and I confess that I found the actual racing rather boring and very confusing. The simple fact of the matter is that one motor-cycle flashing by at 90 m.p.h. looks extraordinarily like another motor-cycle flashing by at 90 m.p.h. For that matter, it looks extraordinarily like another motor-cycle flashing by at 70 m.p.h. I found myself quite unable to distinguish between these high speeds. They all seemed to me to be going very fast indeed (as they were), and they all seemed to me to be making very much the same noise (which was quite a lot). I found it very confusing, because I could never be certain who was leading. Once or twice, at the start of the afternoon, I got quite worked up as one man hurtled past another, only to find that, in fact, he had lapped the other and was really a long way ahead. Since I had not, within a short time of the start of a race, the faintest idea of any rider's correct position, the excitement was for me somewhat dampened.

But this was certainly not the case with anybody else. The week before I had been to watch my first game of polo, and had found myself in a very U crowd, the vast majority of whom had absolutely no knowledge of the game and not overmuch knowledge to support their love of horses. If I asked my neighbours in the crowd a question about the techniques of polo, it was all too evident that I embarrassed them. This was a non-U crowd, and it did not take me long to discover that it was very knowledgeable, expert indeed. If I asked a question of my neighbours, I did not embarrass them. There would be a moment of silence, astonishment that anyone could be so ignorant. But then they buckled to, eager to educate me, anxious to enthuse me. A whole bookful of information would pour out: impossible to assimilate. But such enthusiasm is exhilarating.

Everyone seemed to know the exact position of every rider in every race. I just do not understand how they can. It is not as though this is a slow sport, a sport that gives you time to think things out. Far from it. Men whizzed round this track in only just over a minute: the fastest lap of the day was only fractionally short of 80 m.p.h., which means (I take it) speeds in excess of 100 m.p.h., at least for short distances, which in turn means that they do not take very long to pass you. In one race the two leaders (though I, personally, could not have said if they were leading or not) changed places, so I was assured, dozens of times and the whole race of ten laps was completed in only just over thirteen minutes, yet my neighbours in the crowd were never in the slightest doubt as to which was leading, and seemed to know all about third and fourth places as well. It may not sound miraculous, but it seemed miraculous to me at the time.

Looking back, I am convinced that to enjoy to the full motor-cycle racing you must have the eye of a hawk and the mathematical ability of a Senior Wrangler. You also require an exceptionally sensitive ear. As I have said, one motor-cycle at speed sounds to me just like any other motor-cycle at speed. But not to the expert. In one race, as three riders in very close company passed at high speed, my immediate neighbour remarked that the second one sounded "a bit rough" and expressed the opinion that we should not see him again. Everyone around agreed—and we didn't.

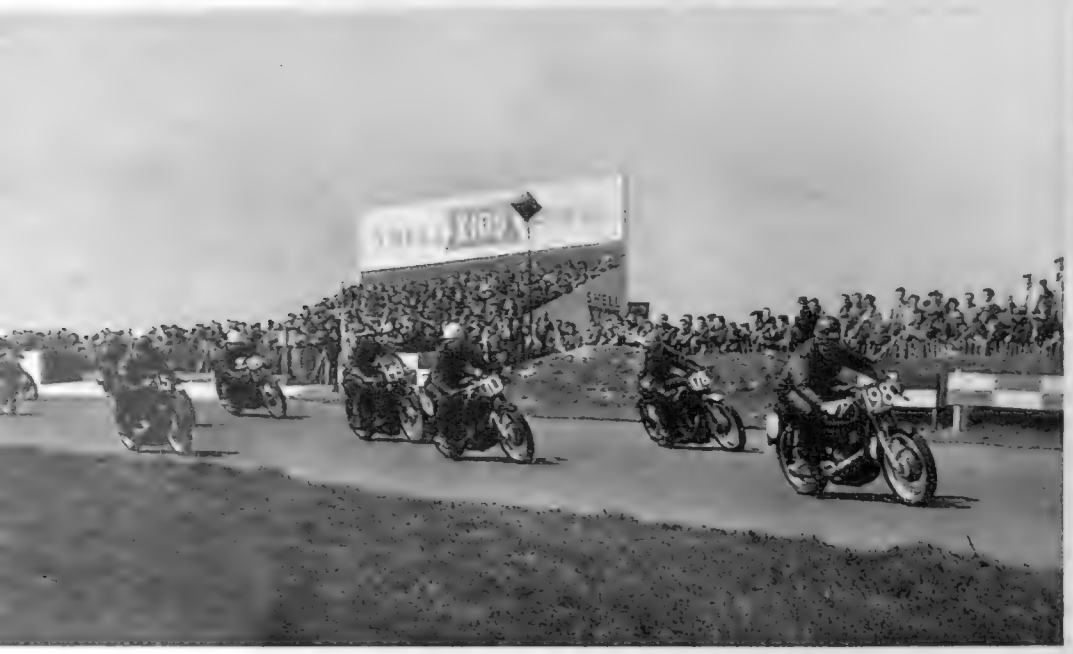
My immediate neighbour, a most helpful and pleasant tutor, wore an oil-stained wind-cheater. This garment, it seemed to me, was the equivalent of the old school tie at polo. For women spectators at polo the possession of a pedigree dog would seem to be the right thing. Though I looked closely, I could not discern the equivalent for female spectators at motor-cycle racing. The riders, so it seemed to me, were of a stamp. I do not know that there is a polo-player stamp, other than the obvious "horse-class" stamp, but those few polo-players I have seen were all bronzed and perhaps a little consciously masculine. The thing that struck me most about these motor-cycle racers was that so many of them were so pallid: lean and wiry of body, pale and taut of face, with astonishingly keen eyes. Unmounted, the movements of their hands were swift and rather nervous. They did not look consciously masculine; they looked trained to the peak of physical fitness.

There was a stamp about the crowd (it was not a big one), too, or at least about the men in it. There was no physical similarity. My neighbour, a man in late middle-age, looked what I have no doubt he was: a former race-rider. He was short, square, lean and wiry, pale of face and keen of glance. Next to him was a big, florid, stoutly-built man with a broad Devon accent. But both of them, and all the others that I saw and spoke to, had the same attitude of boyish, cheerful, independent, self-reliance. You sensed that they had all faced death a good many times, that life held no terrors for them. You got the feeling that they would know exactly what to do with a recalcitrant motor-cycle—or man. They were tough and admirable.

These were people who knew all about motor-cycles (I suspect that almost all of them were motor-cyclists) and so far as I could make out—but I am woefully ignorant, of course—all about the techniques of motor-cycle racing. They recognise a novice at sight (apparently by the way he sits his machine); they are critical of such things as style (something I had not hitherto associated with motor-cycling) and balance; and they can estimate a machine's speed to within a mile or two—I was at some pains to check up on this—which is no mean feat when you are dealing with speeds in the nineties.

I learnt some surprising things. I had never realised that it requires very considerable physical strength to hold one of these racing machines on its course. I had never realised that a pair of boots lasts an expert rider for only one meeting: they bank so steeply at the corners and round the bends that the leathers and the soles (and sometimes also the sock and perhaps a little flesh) are cut away. This is not only a fast sport: it is a tough and dangerous one, much tougher, I was unanimously and proudly assured, than motor-car racing.

But my tutor did hint that perhaps it was not so tough now as it used to be—in his day presumably. I asked him why. "Too many milk-shakes at meetings these days," he said. "Softens the boys up a bit. Bound to." I feel confident that will surprise you as much as it did me. But then I feel confident that you will not know what a milk-shake is. It 's a girl.



RACING ON THE ISLE OF MAN: Spectators gathered in and around a shop watch a competitor and his passenger take a bend during the recent side-car T.T. races. *On left*—Motor-cyclists, watched by a big crowd, jostle for position in a Sunday race at Brands Hatch.

THE DEATH OF JEAN BEHRA: The privately entered Porsche sports car of the French racing driver lies wrecked at the side of the Avus track, near Berlin. During the sports-car race, the Porsche spun on the steeply banked north curve and hit a concrete post. Jean Behra was flung out against a flagpole. The track had been made slippery by rain. Jean Behra, although he never won a World Championship event, was one of the top-ranking motor racing drivers. He was champion of France in 1956 and '57 and started this season as a member of the Ferrari works team. Somewhat reckless in his early days, he became one of the most consistent and sought-after of drivers.

DANGERS OF MOTOR RACING

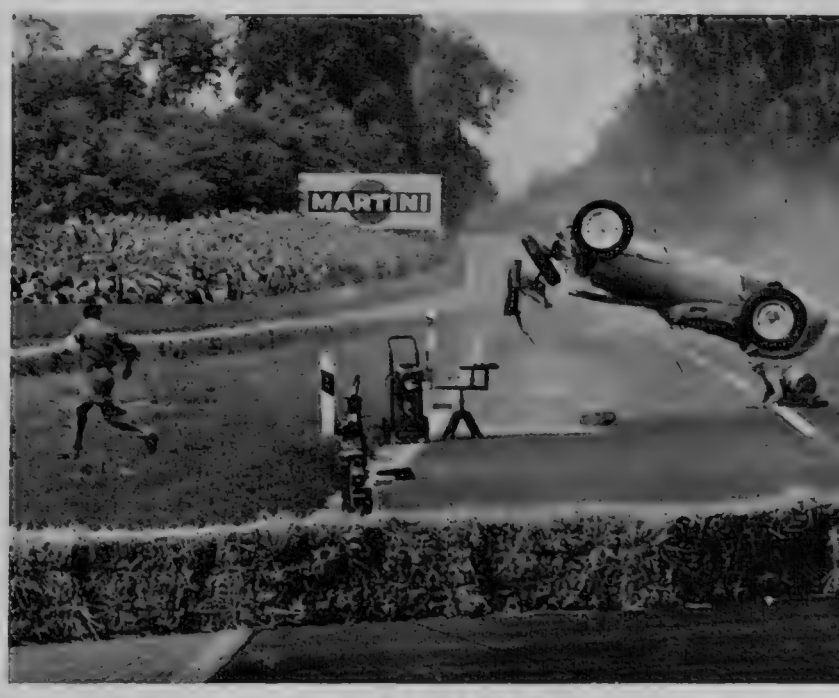
The Deaths of Two Leading Drivers

IN recent weeks there have been a number of serious accidents in various motor races in Britain and on the Continent. Two of them occurred on the Avus track, near Berlin: in one Jean Behra, one of the world's leading drivers, died after crashing in a sports-car race preceding the German Grand Prix. In the major race Hans Hermann had a lucky escape after his B.R.M. became a total wreck. During a race for smaller racing cars in France, Ivor Bueb crashed in a Cooper-Borgward and died later.

Usually, the German Grand Prix is run on the Nurburgring, but this year the Avus track was chosen in the hope that its proximity to Berlin would attract more spectators. Consisting of two long straights with a hairpin at one end and a steep banking at the other, the Avus circuit is extremely fast; the Grand Epreuve this year was won at an average speed of over 140 m.p.h. After a fatal motor racing accident various opinions are advanced about the causes of the tragedy and the remedies. Many of these are aimed at making the race slower or the cars smaller. The accidents in the recent weeks, however, have involved Formula 1 Grand Prix cars, Formula 2 cars and sports cars.

ACCIDENT AT BRANDS HATCH, IN KENT: Tim Parnell receives attention on a stretcher after he had crashed in his Cooper-Climax during the John Davy Trophy race for Formula 2 cars.

CRASH IN FRANCE: Spectators and officials surround the crumpled Cooper-Borgward of the British driver, Ivor Bueb, who crashed during the Formula 2 race at the Auvergne Circuit, near Clermont-Ferrand. A leading sports-car driver, Ivor Bueb died later in hospital.



A LUCKY ESCAPE IN THE GERMAN GRAND PRIX: *Left*—The German driver, Hans Hermann (on the ground, right), is thrown clear from his B.R.M. during the Grand Prix on the Avus circuit. The car somersaulted after hitting straw bales lining the course. *Right*—Hans Hermann crouches on the track at the South Bend as his B.R.M. is hurled into the air. The driver escaped with bruises and abrasions but the car was later stated to be beyond repair. The race on the extremely fast circuit was won by Tony Brooks in a Ferrari.

PATTERNS OF CHANGE IN INDUSTRY

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

EVENTS do not cease to happen because the Press is not there to convert them into news—and today, in any case, other media of communication share that job with the printed word. Though the presses stop, in other industries the machines go on. During the eight weeks that *The Sphere* has not been bringing into focus the vignettes that it selects from the British industrial scene, that scene has not ceased to develop and change: telescoped together, some of the industrial events of those weeks form a logical and significant pattern.

They do so against a pattern of quickening economic recovery. When the production of British periodicals and provincial newspapers was interrupted on June 20th, it was not long before that "pay day of the week beginning June 8th" upon which the tax reliefs granted by Mr. Heathcoat Amory in his April budget were finally translated into extra disposable income for some 20 million British citizens. That income, over the last month or so, has since boosted people's buying even further: but already they were spending the economy steadily out of recession.

Production continued to rise, reaching 3–4 per cent. above the level of the end of 1958, and passing the "all-time high" of September of that year. It seemed clear that the period of industrial stability, or stagnation, call it what you will, which had ended with a mild recession last summer, was definitely past. But the industries making the pace out of recession were those directly serving the British consumer; the general investment boom of 1956–58 was over, though capital expenditure remained pretty high. The motor industry was breaking records once again, though in certain factories output continued to be dogged by a series of intermittent and somewhat debilitating strikes. The hire purchase boom that had begun with the removal of restrictions last autumn has never yet sagged as some businessmen expected it to, and cuts in purchase tax on cars and most other consumer equipment have kept demand for these desirable purchases running well ahead of supplies.

This demand has sent its ripples back into some basic industries such as steel. Though demand for heavy products made of steel such as plates has remained slack, the motor industry again wants more sheet steel than Britain's strip mills can sell it and is again having to order considerable tonnages from abroad. But the state of trade of the engineering industries has remained extremely patchy. Companies that work mainly for the heavy end of equipment or for defence have had little to lift them out of their depressed level of operations: others with more of their orders coming from the motor and home equipment manufacturers have become nearly as busy as their booming customers.

Mid-July saw the announcement that shipbuilding output had stayed low, with cancellations nearly equalling the trickle of new orders that are being obtained. Shipping freight rates are still at an uneconomic level: owners are not anxious to take delivery of expensive new ships as they near completion, nor to have a keel laid early if the next order ahead happens to be cancelled. This is in spite of some revival in world trade (Britain's imports and exports, for example, have been rising as industrial activity quickens); not even the rapid growth of demand for petroleum can as yet begin to draw back into business many of the laid-up tankers. Right across the world, the merchant fleets are too large for the volume of seaborne trade, and growing faster than it does with the new vessels coming down the slips.

Inside Britain's own market, the steady encroachment of oil at cut prices continued to squeeze coal sales: Sir James Bowman, of the National Coal Board, in mid-July, vented some of his irritation at the effects of "switching" by the nationalised gas industry, but showed some caution about entering into any general price war with the oil companies. The Coal Board had not, by the time the Press was fully back in business again, produced its revision of its long-term plan for modernising Britain's mines, which is expected to plan for a markedly lower output than hitherto. One re-appraisal of a nationalised industry's investment plans was produced during the interregnum, however, by the Transport Commission about the railways: considering their parlous financial state, which led to a deficit of £89 million after paying interest for the Commission in 1958, the re-appraisal was less than agonising. It proposed an acceleration of the closing of unprofitable services, lines and stations: but it also proposed that spending on the modernisation of the railways should be pushed ahead at an even faster rate, costing £200 million or more a year. The Government has made some noises of qualified approval since this revised plan was published: it has not yet committed itself to find this much more capital for the railways so much earlier.

What has stricken these aged and exposed nationalised industries—and one private industry, cotton—is the process of change always going on in a healthy economy, though not always so obviously. The same process has been at work upon a much younger and technically more lively industry, aircraft manufacture: during the last few weeks its future, and the degree of support that it should be given by the Government, have been anxiously debated in Parliament and outside, while the order books and the production lines have continued to run down. It is a moot point how much nationalised airlines which themselves can hardly keep out of the red ought to buy British planes even if these are not the most economical for their operations: but both B.O.A.C. and B.E.A., it was announced late in July, are to accept certain new machines, the Herald and the Rotodyne, and to run them with Government indemnification against any trading losses.

"Structural" change within industries, as against change between them, has been evident at quite a different level in the last two months—on the Stock Exchange, altering or threatening to alter the ownership of major groups. Seldom has there been a busier time for take-over bids. At the beginning of the period Schweppes bid successfully for Chivers, the preserves makers, much to the irritation of Mr. Scott of St. Martin's, another jam firm that had made some tentative approaches to Chivers. Mr. Charles Clore attempted to take over Watney Mann, and for some days there was much talk of how he intended to brighten Britain's public-houses: however, eventually Mr. Clore withdrew his bid, leaving the market to speculate where he would move next.

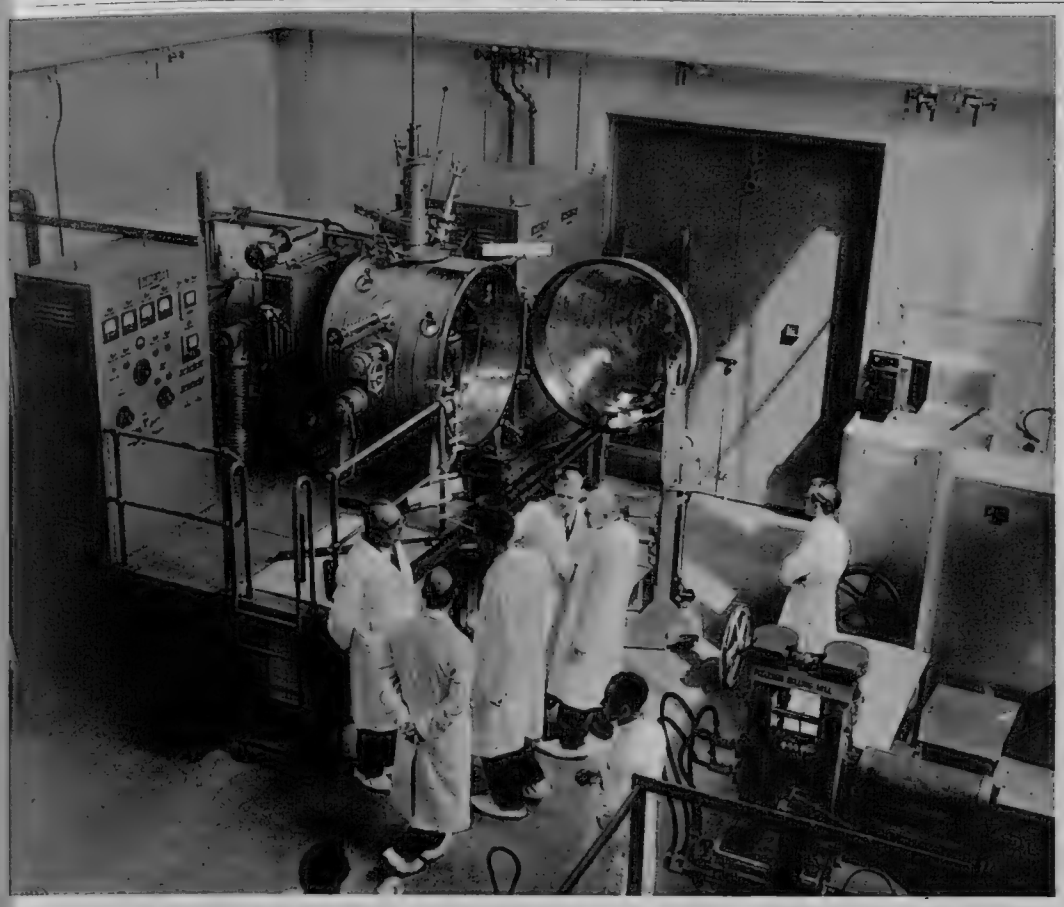
There were take-over bids in insurance, in aircraft (where amalgamation most certainly makes sense), and most dramatically, in the Press. Control of Kemsley Newspapers, including a range of national Sunday papers and some provincials temporarily immobilised by the print strike, passed to Mr. Roy Thomson, an engaging but strictly commercial newspaper magnate from Canada. There was an echo of the bitter City struggle over British Aluminium at the turn of the year, when the Aluminium Corporation of America finally achieved its foothold in aluminium fabrication in Britain, through the formation of Imperial Aluminium Company, a new company owned jointly, as to 51 per cent. by Imperial Chemical Industries. And throughout much of the period that the presses were silent, the longest drawn-out take-over struggle of the summer wore on with the House of Fraser, Debenhams and United Drapery Stores all in the bidding for Harrods.

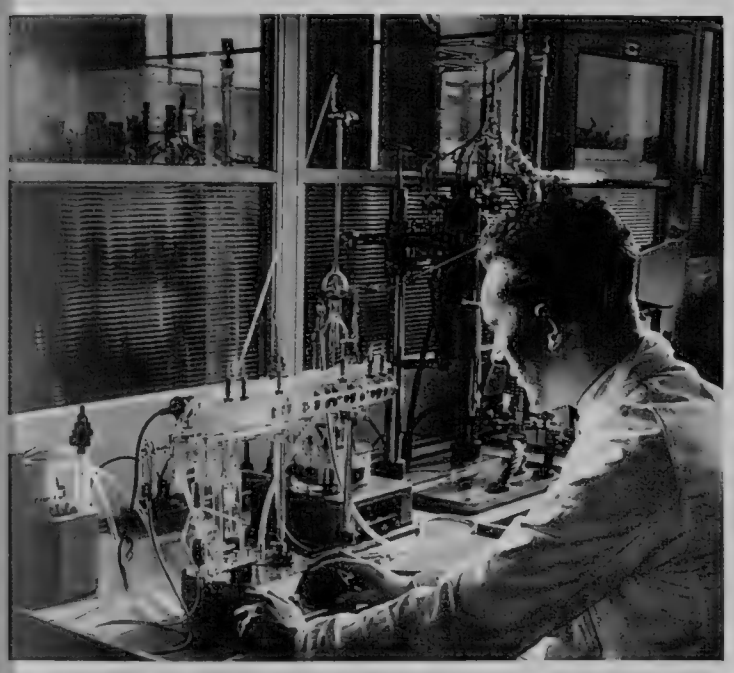
Technically, there was rather less change and new development breaking surface during these two months than sometimes does. The British Hovercraft, having blown itself off the ground, skimmed merrily above the Solent for some weeks, and then waltzed off across the Channel, a pleasing and practical example of an individual inventor, a little discriminating State backing with money at the right time, and the technical resources of one of the world's best-known seaplane manufacturers.

The motor manufacturers produced several new models, though for the most part the changes were in "cosmetic design" rather than engineering: the new little Triumph Herald began to appear rather more frequently on the roads, while B.M.C. promised an entirely new baby car in a few weeks from now. And towards the end of the dispute came one technical, productive, and financial development that had been awaited for months, a kind of take-over in reverse. Standard finally sold its tractor manufacturing plants at Coventry and in France to Massey-Ferguson for a sum that left it about £12½ million clear in cash; distributed £4 million as a tax-free distribution to shareholders; and announced plans to spend the other £8½ million on investment in facilities that should enable it to stay in the big league of British motor manufacturers.

A BY-PASS IN HEREFORDSHIRE

AT Intersection No. 1—a roundabout 180 ft. in diameter—the new Ross By-pass meets and merges with the A40. Half a mile of this road, which connects Ross with Monmouth, has been reconstructed. The A449 is the road to Hereford. The Ross By-pass is part of the Ross-Tewkesbury motorway contract which is being carried out by Tarmac Civil Engineering Limited. Work was begun in March of this year. The by-pass is two miles in length.

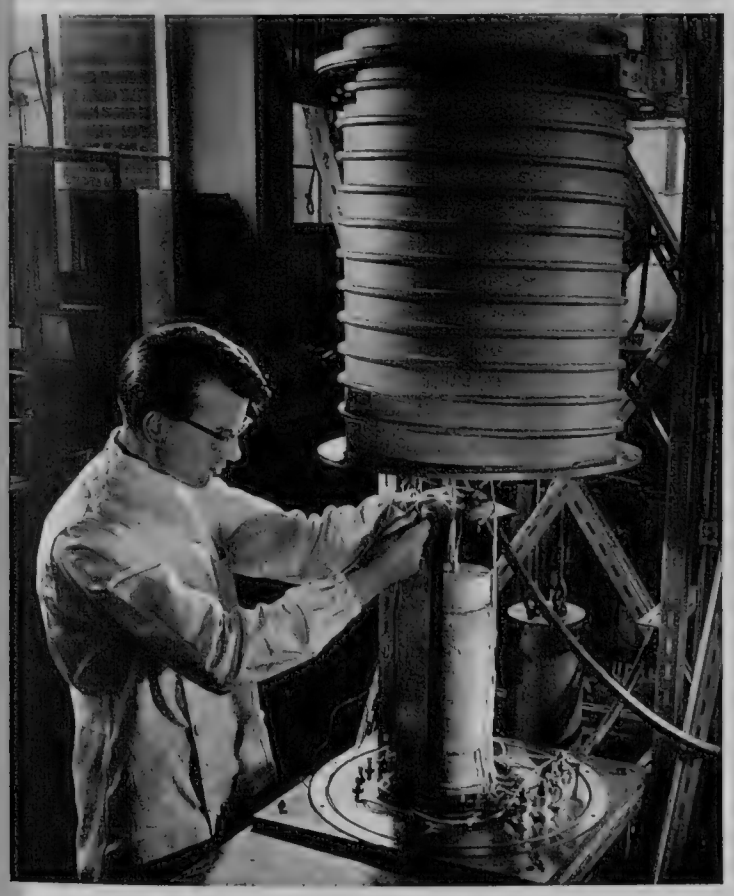




TOURING THE NEW ATOMIC POWER CENTRE: Sir Leonard Owen (left), a member of the U.K. Atomic Energy Authority, talks with a group of visitors in front of the Vacuum Induction Furnace, in the Whetstone works. On the right of the central group is Lord Mills, the Minister of Power, who opened the centre.

On left—

METALLURGICAL RESEARCH: This apparatus is used for melting metals in a vacuum. In this way the amount of gas trapped in them during manufacture can be determined. Trapped gas can affect the performance of metals used in the building of power stations.



THE WHETSTONE ATOMIC POWER DIVISION

RECENTLY Lord Mills, the Minister of Power, opened the new building of the Atomic Power Division of the English Electric Company, at Whetstone, near Leicester. The Whetstone works, which the company took over in 1953, already housed a gas turbine division, the small steam turbine section, and the mechanical engineering laboratories. The Atomic Power Division, set up early in 1955 to undertake the design of large power stations, is the headquarters of the English Electric-Babcock & Wilcox-Taylor Woodrow atomic power consortium, which designed and is building the 500 MW atomic power station at Hinkley Point, in Somerset. At the same time a special group at Whetstone is working on the advanced gas-cooled reactor—which, it is stated, may well be the next phase in the development of the Calder Hall type of reactor for large stations. Another team is working, in association with an American company, on the organic moderated reactor. This, it is thought, has great potentialities for power stations of smaller capacity and also for application in the marine field. In research into the development of a satisfactory system of nuclear marine propulsion English Electric are working with Vickers-Armstrongs.

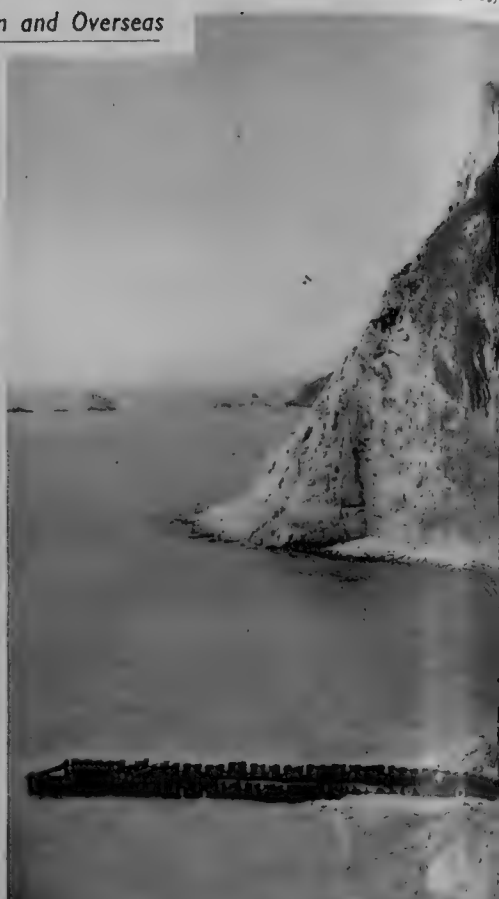
The economy and safety of power stations, with which the centre is largely concerned, depends greatly on the performance of the fuel element. In the Division's Research and Development Department considerable chemical and metallurgical work is in progress on fuel element materials—magnesium alloys, beryllium and uranium. Fluid flow and heat transfer experiments are carried out to obtain the most efficient transfer of heat from the fuel element to the gas coolant.

NUCLEAR RESEARCH AT WHETSTONE: A MARS computer, an electronic device designed and built by English Electric for the mathematical examination of fault conditions of a reactor, is being used by two technicians.

EXPERIMENTS ON NUCLEAR FUELS: A rod of uranium fuel is given hot rolling treatment. *Left*—In the specially designed "toxic" laboratories a technician is taking precautions to eliminate any danger to research teams working on this apparatus, used in thermal conductivity tests on fuel elements.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

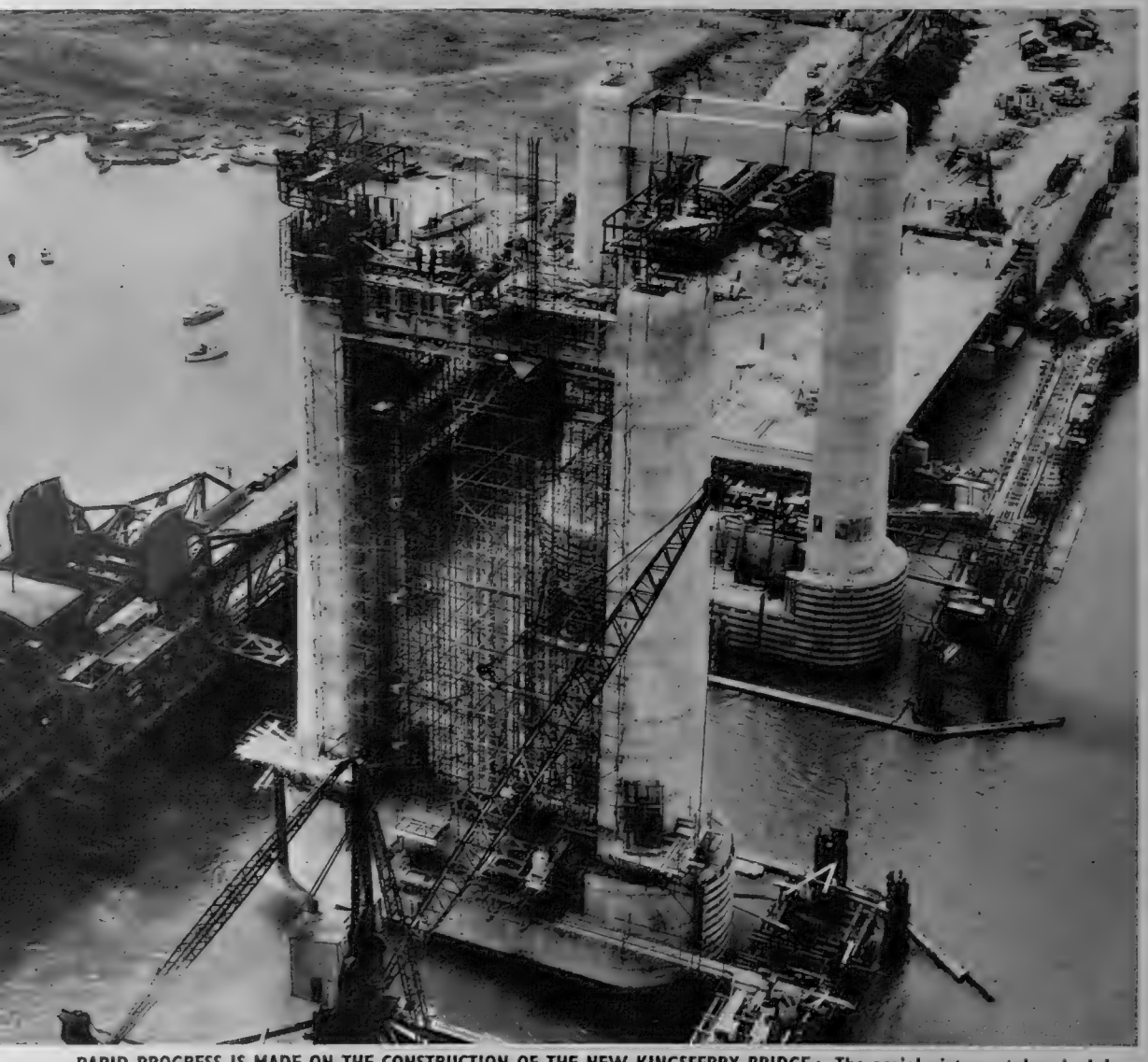
THE DISPOSAL OF RADIOACTIVE EFFLUENT: At Arish Mell, on the Dorset coast, pipelines are made ready for towing into the sea. They are to be used to carry away radioactive waste from the new Atomic Research Establishment at nearby Winfrith Heath. The pipes, which are six inches in diameter, have been towed out to a distance of about 4,000 yards offshore. The launching and construction of the sea pipelines (and construction of the last mile of the overland lines) were carried out by Taylor Woodrow Construction Ltd., in association with Collins Submarine Pipelines Ltd.



LAUNCHING OPERATIONS UNDER WAY: A view of th near Arish Mell, showing the point of entry into t The pipes were first welded into lengths of 400 ft. and the by a small railway to the water's edge. From there t pulled by means of a winch on an anchored barge a lengths of pipe being welded between pulls. Buoys were intervals to reduce the weight and to ease the pipes ove bed, where divers had been working to prepare a clea They had to blast through five reefs in the course of the tions. On land, the pipes are generally buried with a cover of 3 ft., but through a gunnery range they are minimum depth of 8 ft. The pipes are of half-inch th steel, coated with bitumen and glass fibre wrapping and su with a 1½-inch coating of reinforced concrete.

On right—

AT THE WATER'S EDGE: Crane hooks are unfastened f of the buoyancy tanks as the twin pipes enter the s effluents from Winfrith, after treatment and temporary the sea disposal tanks on site, are to be pumped to a breal tank located at a point just north of Lulworth Park. F they will gravitate a further two miles to the Control at Arish Mell, and thence out to sea under operation



RAPID PROGRESS IS MADE ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW KINGSFERRY BRIDGE: The aerial picture, taken in July, shows work in progress on the second of the two reinforced concrete lifting towers which are 100 ft. high. They will be used to lift the centre span 95 ft. above the high-water mark. The one million pound Kingsferry bridge over the River Swale, linking the Kentish Mainland with the Isle of Sheppey, will replace the old structure on the left. It will be 650 ft. long and 50 ft. wide, and will include a railway track. Work is well advanced and the bridge is expected to be open in the autumn, at least six months ahead of schedule. It is the largest lifting bridge built in the United Kingdom since the war. The main contractors are John Howard and Company Ltd., and the Consulting Engineers are Mott, Hay and Anderson.

LOAD TEST FOR A NEW ITALIAN BRIDGE: Ten tanks, each w assembled on one span of the bridge over the Ri to measure any sagging of the bridge. The finishin of the Sun," the motorway which will link Milan, Milan to Bologna and in the south from Capua to

"GOLIATH" IN ACTION: At Hinkley Point, in Somerset, the huge crane prepares to lower a temporary weather roof for one of the two reactor buildings at the atomic power station which is being constructed by the English Electric, Babcock & Wilcox, Taylor Woodrow Atomic Power Group. The 250-ft.-long bridge of the *Goliath* crane, said to be the largest in the world, is 235 ft. above the ground. It straddles the 180-ft.-high reactor buildings and is used to carry major items of equipment from the site fabrication area. *Goliath* has a maximum capacity of 650 tons. Construction on the station started in December 1959. It is due to be completed in 1962. Heavy plant and equipment for the station arrives at Combwich, four miles away, where a wharf capable of handling ships of up to 1,500 tons has been constructed.

ons, and several trucks loaded with gravel, each of 22 tons, are enza, in Northern Italy. Engineers stand beside a theodolite used ge marks the completion of the Milan to Parma section of the "Highway ence, Rome and Naples. The road is now complete from outside hundred miles long and 80 ft. wide, it is due to be completed in 1963.

A MAMMOTH DITCHER IN ACTION: The 55-ton Gar Wood-Buckeye 330 is seen digging a 22-ft.-wide irrigation canal for a vast project in Cameron County, Texas. During a single day's operation it is capable of excavating sufficient rubble to fill a fleet of one thousand large dump trucks. Average speed of the ditcher is seven feet per minute. It can be quickly modified on the site for other operations such as the digging of deep trenches for pipelines, the depth of the cut being controlled by the digging wheel, which is hydraulically raised and lowered. In the United Kingdom the concessionaire for Gar Wood Industries is Mackay Industrial Equipment Ltd.

The World of Books

"THE CHIEF" OF FLEET STREET

A Biography of Lord Northcliffe ; Votes For Women and the Pankhursts ; A Composer and An Actor ; A Massive Novel from America, and other Recent Fiction

ONE day when Lord Northcliffe was at the height of his powers, owner of *The Times*, the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News* among other publications, he was present at an editorial staff conference at Carmelite House. In that disconcerting way which was as much part of him as his Napoleonic forelock, and as he took his place at the big desk, he snapped at a sub-editor in a corner of the room: "What was the best story in this morning's *Daily Mail*?" The sub-editor promptly quoted the announcement: "Viscount Northcliffe is leaving tomorrow on a world tour and will be away from England for several months." There followed what one of the young men present described as a "shocked silence." Northcliffe looked stern. Then, turning to his secretary, he said: "See that that man gets a hundred pound bonus."

This story, to one who was brought up to appreciate "The Chief's" character, if only at one remove, gives a key to its complexities and contradictions, and to its range of brilliant originality, decisiveness and underlying generosity. It is told in a new and impressive biography, NORTHCLIFFE (Cassell. 42s.), by Mr. Reginald Pound and Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth. Of the writers, one is a man of mature Fleet Street experience, the other Northcliffe's nephew and the book has been written with the full co-operation of the Harmsworth family which was Northcliffe's own, and with access to the full range of archives and private papers. The result is the story of a near-fabulous career, of a rise from obscurity to world fame and influence, and an assessment of a man who was not only a great character in his own right but the greatest initiator that the newspaper world has ever known.

Fifty years ago the names of Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter Christabel were known to the remotest parts of the English-speaking world, and if time has made them less familiar to another generation those names still hold their honourable connotation of courage, independence and a larger-than-ordinary share of the indomitable. Mrs. Pankhurst died thirty years ago, Christabel last year, and it was after her death that a complete typescript of a book, written some twenty years ago by Dame Christabel Pankhurst, was found. This is partly autobiographical and largely about her mother's leading part in the ten-year campaign for Votes for Women—a campaign in which the watchword was "Militancy" and in which many devoted and brave women suffered much indignity and, many of them, great physical suffering.

UNSHACKLED (Hutchinson. 25s.) is the title chosen for *The Story of How We Won the Vote*, and Lord Pethick-Lawrence, who was for a long time associated with the Suffragette movement and was sent to prison, too, for his beliefs, has done the little editing which he explains was necessary, adding a note on the fruits of the Pankhursts' final victory. As it stands, this book is a record not only of dogged staunchness but of many qualities more subtle than that: of the power of good organisation combined with rhetoric, legal training and a very real political flair.

Mr. Vincent Sheean introduces his long and loving study of the great composer, Verdi, with a quotation from *King Lear*: "You have that in your countenance which I would fain call master." The words are apt to the spirit of this long and thoughtful book, and to the mood in which it has been prepared and written by a man who has been known primarily as a newspaperman but who has also devoted many years of his life to the study of music and of opera in particular. ORPHEUS AT EIGHTY (Cassell. 25s.) is a success story which mounts to a *crescendo* with Verdi's own production of his latest and last opera, *Falstaff*, at the Scala in Milan when the composer was eighty years old. This was, and is, a magnificent work and it was composed in the three years before its presentation on the stage of that most famous of all opera houses.

To say that Verdi's life was like a musical graph of success is true, but that success did not preclude the possibility of a first marriage with a tragic end; of many feuds, for he was an intensely mercurial character, or of moods of recurring melancholy. He regarded himself always as a peasant, the peasant he had been born, and one of the few occasions of real terror was when he heard the rumour, as an old man, that the King of Italy proposed to make him Marquis of his home town. This, Verdi was able to prevent and, after his dramatic and triumphant farewell to the world, he retired to his estate once more the countryman. I have said that this is a loving study of the master. It is also a richly documented, authoritative and vital book.

Mr. Peter Bull, the most modest and very nearly the funniest of autobiographers, would be the first to say that he had no claims to greatness or significance, whether political, militant or theatrical. He has nevertheless provided everyone who has the good sense to read it with a further volume of memoirs, which is a *must* for those who believe that to *vivre* is more agreeable if there is a little *joie* about it. He gives us Peter Bull the Actor and Impresario, and very funny it is. I KNOW THE FACE BUT . . . (Peter Davies. 16s.) is written with an appearance of attractive ease and is utterly unmalicious.

Mr. Hassoldt Davis has had a fantastically adventurous life and has weathered, with a fair degree of equanimity, such hazards as being hailed as the Best-Developed Boy in America, being turned out of home by his father (a millionaire in the greeting-card business), being officially requested to leave France, winning two Croix de Guerre with the Spahis, graduating as a journalist, writer and explorer and finding his favourite work in Africa and the Far East as a maker of documentary films. WORLD

"MEDEA" AT COVENT GARDEN: Maria Callas sang the title role in Cherubini's opera at the Royal Opera House in London in five performances in June. Nicola Rescigno conducted. *Medea* is a work little known to British audiences and in plot it follows closely the story told in the play by Euripides. The character of the Princess who dominates the opera provided a vehicle for Madame Callas' talents.

WITHOUT A ROOF (Cassell. 21s.) is his own story, breathlessly told and, indeed, breath-taking, whirling at a great pace round the world and back again.

As one might expect, a novel by Mr. John M... strong stuff, from the charging bull on its ... the last detail of the final fiesta. FANDANGO (Michael Joseph. 16s.) is a title suggested to the ... as he explains, by a scene which he once saw, an... in Spain where, from a medieval tenement on ... and a modernistic café on the other, the sound ... radios, loudly and uncompromisingly playing, ... fandango and the other rock-and-roll, blared ... each other. His story is of an American Air Fo... near an old Spanish city and the conflict between ... and the old orders; the conflict, too, betwee... Americans who can adjust themselves to apprecia... traditional Spain and those who resist or re... Powerfully told and well worth reading.

Most impressive, certainly in size, of the novels ... read for this week's edition, is Mr. James Jones' ... SOME CAME RUNNING (Collins. 21s.) which ... hundred and twenty-six pages long and which ... abridged (Heaven help us !) version of the original ... can edition. Now, Mr. Jones is also the author ... *Here to Eternity*, so that readers have already had ... of appreciating his views on the American soldi... present novel shows the American civilian in acti... long after the end of World War II and as obser... small Illinois town, about two hundred miles from ... I understand that the book has already been fil... Hollywood and, having read it with care, determine... a good deal of interest, I look forward to seeing w... done with it on the screen, for physical size is not ... claim to distinction and Mr. Jones has, in the s... which one can well understand the work took hi... structed a complex and fairly subtle relationship ... each one of the long list of his characters. ... not a book to skim; it is well worth a ... reading.

A CALL ON KUPRIN (Longmans. 16s.) ... Maurice Edelman's new novel and, in my view, ... best up to the present. He has used his personal kn... of the House of Commons, of Russia and of jo... to make the background of a story which is in ... political thriller, the story of an English Lobby ... spondent and an English M.P. who travel to ... together. Their object is to persuade, by any m... old Cambridge friend of theirs to return with the... man is now a leading scientist and their mission ... only difficult but highly dangerous. Mr. Edelm... up a fine pitch of tension and excitement and, ... measure, throws in a lyrical little love-affair.

Mr. Saul Bellow, who wrote *The Adventures ... March* and deservedly leapt to fame with it, ... given us a solidly constructed and yet original ... HENDERSON THE RAIN KING (Weidenf... Nicolson. 16s.). This is a tale about a rich playb... the Middle West who drinks too much, stirs up ... and is sadly puzzled when his family neither l... respect him. He sets out for Africa on a voyage ... discovery and through a display of his colossal ... strength is appointed rain-maker to a primitive ... community. In the end his wise friend, the k... and Henderson flies back to America with a lion ... a little Persian orphan. This is a wonderful book ... times hilariously funny, always as piercingly ... crystal and full of heaven-sent vitality.

Vera...

A HISTORY OF HUNG...

Mr. Sinor's Much-needed and Well-documented Survey

In Britain we have always known little about Hungary, in part because the language barrier has deterred historians, and even in this modern age Hungary remains somewhat of a *terra incognita* to the British. There has been no useful source book for information in any detail, and we have had for the most part to rely on German and French works of doubtful accuracy, each of which has tended to perpetuate the mistakes of the others. Now Mr. Denis Sinor has stepped in to fill the gap with a much-needed and well-documented survey, HISTORY OF HUNGARY (Allen and Unwin. 25s.), which he wisely brings to a close with the Horthy era, urging very properly that the dire events in very recent years are too close upon us to be viewed in any kind of perspective. Written as a continuous narrative, the survey is based upon Hungary's political rather than social history.

Mr. Sinor starts with the pre-Christian period. The Magyars, the founders of the Hungarian State, were by origin a Finno-Ugrian people from beyond the Urals, but they were driven into the steppes about the beginning of the Christian era, and there mingled with Turki peoples. From the fifth to the ninth century they lived round and behind the Don in a federation known as the On-Ogur (Ten Arrows), from the Slav pronunciation of which the name Hungary is derived. It was under pressure from their eastern neighbours that they migrated westwards, arriving in the Danube basin at the beginning of the ninth century. Mr. Sinor takes the narrative through the establishment of the Christian kingdom, the medieval dynasty of the Arpads, the zenith of the Hungarian power, and the period of the elected kings, coming later to the time of the divided kingdom, the occasionally enlightened despotism of the Habsburgs, and finally the Horthy regime. Mr. Sinor writes with great lucidity and discernment, tracing particularly Hungary's relationship with the Western Powers. His book is sure of a warm welcome among scholars and laymen alike.

What exactly is the Mafia? It is certainly ... of uncertain origin which seems to have been ... the first instance to designate a specific form of ... ality which arose on the great landed estates ... as a result of bad government, particularly at ... of the disorders following the Napoleonic inv... South Italy. The lawless conditions led the ... large estates to place their lands in the charge of ... ruffians who exercised almost despotic power ... terrorised peasantry. There is no doubt abo... the history of crime the Mafia is unique. T... never been anything like this strange combin... Sicilian families. It is not a secret society in any ... sense of the phrase, having no president, initiat... elections or rules.

In BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL (Gollanc... Frederic Sonbern has assembled some of the ... present history of the Mafia, showing how th... came to America, there by bribery, extortion, b... robbery and murder to establish their dynasty a... of the underworld. The patriotic underground ... of Sicily, a secret criminal government within ... ment, grafted itself on to the body of the A... democracy somewhere about the 1880's. The ... sequences of that migration are hard to ass... Mr. Sonbern is of the opinion that the Mafia ... will be rooted out of the United States.

THEATRE IN LONDON AND STRATFORD

E NEW PLAY BY NOEL COWARD: Philippe de Croze (Robert Stephens) kisses the hand of Lulu d'Arville in *Look After Lulu* at the Royal Court Theatre in London. Mr. Coward has based his play on Georges Feydeau's classic French farce *Occupe-toi d'Amélie* The plot is little changed, but Mr. Coward has compressed four acts into three and altered some of Feydeau's names and the scene. The first night was on July 29.

DEL COWARD'S BALLET: Schoolgirls make duty difficult for the sentry outside Buckingham Palace in a scene in *London Morning* in the tenth anniversary season of the Festival Ballet at the Festival Hall in London. Mr. Coward was commissioned to write the work, which brings to the stage a number of London characters and types in what some purists might regard more as dance revue than true ballet. The season began on July 14 and continues until September 12.

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER IN "CORIOLANUS" AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON: *Above*—From the left are: Sicinius Velutus (Robert Hardy); Coriolanus (Sir Laurence Olivier); Menenius (Harry Andrews); Cominius (Paul Hardwick); Titus Lartius (Donald Eccles); and Junius Brutus (Peter Woodthorpe). The play opened in the current season at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre on July 7. *On right*—Menenius with Virgilia (Mary Ure) and Volumnia (Dame Edith Evans). *Coriolanus* is perhaps a curiosity among Shakespeare's tragedies. It is difficult to feel any sympathy with the central character. The play is open to various interpretations, but critics are generally agreed that in his performance as the "Noble Roman" at Stratford, Sir Laurence is showing the full force of his genius.

A RESTORATION "MUSICAL" AT THE OLD VIC: In *The Enchanted Isle*, the Dryden-Davenant-Purcell adaptation of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, Prospero (John Phillips) is on the extreme right. In the centre are Neptune (Charles West) and Amphitrite (Mary Thomas). The Restoration masque was seen by audiences at the Old Vic in the latter half of June. One of the great charms of the piece is Purcell's incidental music. The plot departs considerably from the original—Miranda and Caliban acquire sisters and there is a new inhabitant of the island in the person of Hippolito. The Old Vic's *The Enchanted Isle*, which contained two long masques as well as songs and dances, was well received by the critics.

Nikitina was a ballet student in the Imperial Ballet the time of the Russian Revolution. At the age of teen she made her escape, thereafter to shine for any years as a bright star of Diaghilev's Monte Carlo llet Company. Her autobiography, NIKITINA (Allan ingate. 21s.), is an enchanting self-portrait, and has en translated with skill and sensitivity by Baroness dberg. Nikitina has had two careers, first in the ballet d second in opera. She made her singing debut in the ate Opera House at Palermo in 1938, and she chooses at year as the point at which to end her reminiscences.

H. N. Marshall's ELEPHANT KINGDOM (Robert ale. 18s.) is the record of the author's experiences rking with the Indian elephant in the jungles of orthern Siam. Tractor, crane, bulldozer and tug comned in one beast, the Indian elephant has for decades en the backbone of the teak industry. Mr. Marshall ls the story of his working days in the lumber business th many anecdotes and much picturesque detail.

Here are two books for the specialist, both very rongly to be recommended in their own field—J. F. ayward's HUGUENOT SILVER IN ENGLAND aber and Faber. 45s.) and MY LIFE WITH ROSES dhams. 30s.), by Harry Wheatcroft. Mr. Hayward's ok is of interest to the silversmith, the collector and e social historian, showing what a rich heritage of aftwork came to England with the Revocation of the lict of Nantes. Mr. Wheatcroft's book is not intended a work of scholarship so much as gentle reminiscence, t it contains a mass of information for the rose-grower.

Latest addition to the Blue Guides is SCOTLAND rnest Benn. 30s.). The compact little volume contains me 450 pages, including maps. This is the fourth edition, d has been brought completely up to date. R. C. E.

THE NORTH FRONT OF WADDESDON MANOR: The house, which is now open to the public, is situated six miles north-west of Aylesbury, and 11 miles south-east of Bicester. Built in the French Renaissance style for Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild between 1880 and '89, it was given to the National Trust by the late Mr. James de Rothschild in 1957.

TREASURES OF WADDESDON

The 19th-Century House in Buckinghamshire, Given to the Nation in 1957, is Now Open to the Public

WADDESDON MANOR stands on land bought from the Duke of Marlborough in 1874 by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild (1839–1898), who had decided to make his home in this country. Before the house could be built the pointed top of a hill had to be sliced off to provide a level site; much digging was also necessary to give the numerous drives an easy gradient. As it was built at a time when many of the old Parisian mansions were being gutted or demolished, a wealth of decorative carved panelling was acquired and ingeniously fitted into its new surroundings. To-day, the Waddesdon collection of French decorative art of the 18th century is, in this country, rivalled only by the Wallace Collection. It includes furniture made for the French royal palaces, carpets, porcelain and notable paintings, as well as a library remarkable for its French 18th-century bindings.

The principal apartments include the Red, Grey and Tower drawing rooms; the dining room; the east and west galleries; the Baron's room; the small library, and the morning room. The two galleries run the entire length of the centre block, giving access to each of the reception rooms. In the east gallery the panelling has been specially arranged to accommodate the two vast *Views of Venice* by Francesco Guardi. Mr. James de Rothschild, who bequeathed the house to the nation in 1957, also made an endowment to ensure the maintenance of the property and collection. The house is open on Saturday, Sunday and Bank Holidays from 11 to 6, and on Wednesday and Friday from 2 to 6. It is closed in December and January.

On right—

THE GREY DRAWING ROOM: The panelling is said to have come from the house of the Duc de Lauzun in Paris. The Savonnerie carpet was designed by Perrot and woven in the 1750's.

A VIEW OF VENICE: It is one of two painted by Francesco Guardi (1712-1793) and is on show in the east gallery. They are the largest views he ever painted.

On left—

CABINET AND SCULPTURE: The cabinet by Carlin is inlaid with floral plaques of Sèvres porcelain. The sculpture is attributed to Falconet.

THE RED DRAWING ROOM: The collection here is chiefly famous for its French furniture, Sèvres porcelain, Savonnerie carpets and British portraits of the eighteenth century.

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Britain's New Models

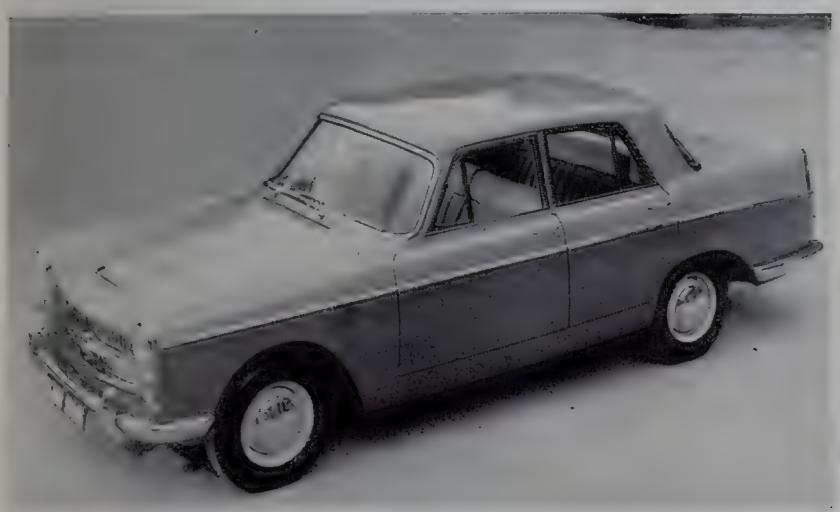
A Survey of Recent New Cars and Announcements from Britain's Motor Factories

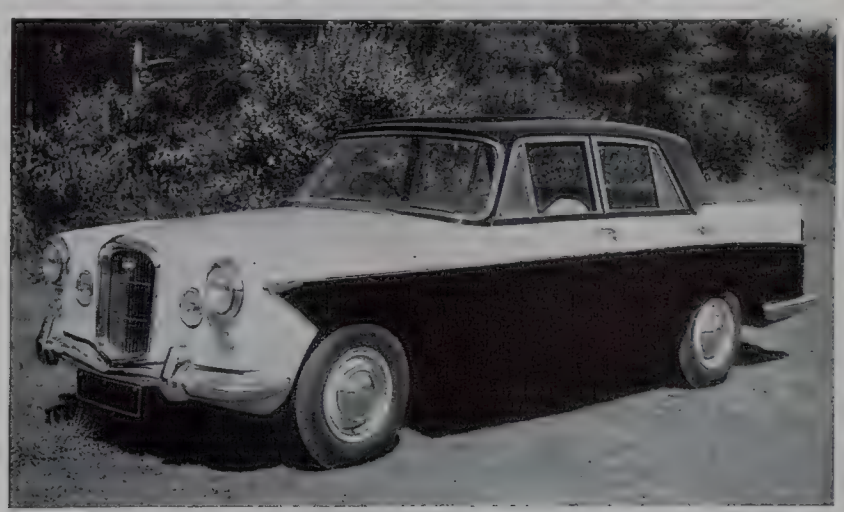
By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

SINCE I was last permitted to address you, the most important motoring developments have been the announcement of a number of interesting new British cars, most of them with disc brakes at the front. From the British Motor Corporation we have had the big new Farina-styled Austin and Wolseley models with 2.9-litre engines; an interim statement by Sir Leonard Lord about the Austin and Morris baby cars which will be announced later this month; and news that the 6-cylinder Austin-Healey and M.G.A. have both been given bigger and more powerful engines. The Rootes Group have unveiled their new 100 m.p.h. sports two-seater—the Sunbeam Alpine—and the Rover Car Company have made it known that their new 3-litre model will in future have disc brakes on the front wheels as a standard fitting.

By far the most important of all these announcements, in my opinion, is that relating to what is affectionately spoken of, in B.M.C., as the Sputnik. This is the four-seat, two-door, economy saloon which, according to popular report, will have an 850-c.c. 4-cylinder, water-cooled engine set "east to west" across the front of the car to save space and driving the front wheels.

All four wheels will be independently sprung by an ingenious new system of rubber springs. All that has been said officially by Sir Leonard Lord, B.M.C. chairman, is that the car will appear in two almost identical versions—one Austin, the other Morris; that new buildings and equipment costing £10,000,000 have been provided for the project; and that the new-comers will not affect in any way production of the Farina-styled Austin A 40 or the Morris Minor (the total output of which since 1948 is now said to be approaching the million mark).





TWO BIG FARINA-STYLED MODELS FROM THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION: *On the left* is the Austin A.99 Westminster, and *on the right* the Wolseley 6/99. Both have the same 2.9 litre 6-cylinder engine, which, it is claimed, gives a petrol mileage of 28 m.p.g. at a steady 60 m.p.h. They respectively replace the A.95 and A.105 models and the Wolseley 6/90, each of which had 2.6-litre engines. On the new Wolseley the traditional radiator is retained with the illuminated name motif.

When this new car—for the Austin and Morris versions really will be the same car with different radiators—makes its appearance next month B.M.C. will have announced eleven new models in eleven months. This is the largest number of new models ever launched by a car firm in so short a period anywhere in the world. It is a programme which has thrown a tremendous strain on the B.M.C.'s commercial and technical staffs. But when the Sputnik has been put into orbit they will have the satisfaction of knowing that their £121,000,000 Corporation is now offering a range of cars that is unequalled for variety, price, styling, performance, comfort and reliability.

The new Austin A.99 Westminster and Wolseley 6/99—well-equipped six-seat saloons of distinctive appearance—share the same Farina styling and the same 2.9-litre 6-cylinder engine. They respectively replace the A.95 and A.105 models and the Wolseley 6/90, each of which had 2.6-litre engines. There is no evidence that the Corporation intends to produce a 2.9-litre Riley as part of its rationalisation policy, and I understand that the 2.6-litre Riley, which used the same body as the big Wolseley, is going out of production.

The new 100 m.p.h. Austin A.99 costs £1,149, including tax. That is £172 more than the cheapest version of the A.95, but the new car is fitted as standard with self-adjusting Lockheed disc brakes on the front wheels and semi-automatic Borg-Warner overdrive, so it is more realistic to compare its price with that charged for the de luxe A.95 when fitted with the optionally extra (£60) overdrive device. When this comparison is made the price of the new Austin is seen to be up by only £69; and it is an incomparably better car. The A.99 is actually £18 cheaper than the old A.105 in spite of its much more generous specification.

With automatic gear-box the A.99 costs £1,219. The price of the basically similar but more luxurious Wolseley 6/99 is £1,254—£49 more than the Wolseley 6/90. Automatic transmission can be had on the new Austin and Wolseley models for £71 extra, including tax. The shape of these Farina-styled cars bears a strong family resemblance to the five Farina-bodied models in B.M.C.'s 1½-litre range, the main difference being in radiator design and the fact that the tail fins contrive to look a little less conspicuous than in the smaller models.

In both the new Austin and Wolseley models the new 2,912-c.c. 6-cylinder engine—similar to that which powers the new Austin-Healey 3000, of which I shall be writing presently—develops 112 b.h.p. at 4,750 r.p.m. with twin carburetters and a compression ratio of 8.3 to 1. That is 10 b.h.p. more than the output of the A.105 twin-carburetter engine.

An interesting design trend applicable to both models is the use of a three-speed gear-box with synchromesh on each ratio, in conjunction with a semi-automatic Borg-Warner overdrive unit operating on the top two speeds to give, in effect, a five-speed box.

The gear-lever is on the steering column. With only three instead of four ratios to cope with, in addition to reverse, B.M.C. engineers have been able to improve considerably on the former B.M.C. steering column lever, which was altogether too woolly. Provision of this particular form of overdrive enables the driver to accelerate to 90 m.p.h. from a standing start in second gear without touching the gear-lever. In spite of its zestful acceleration, it is claimed, the new engine gives a petrol mileage figure of 28 to the gallon at a steady 60 m.p.h. The new braking system, with discs at the front, is well able to cope with these higher speeds, and there is a safety arrangement which automatically stops the back wheels from locking at the last moment and transfers the surplus braking effort to the front wheels. Also, there is a warning light on the dashboard which comes on when there is loss of vacuum in the braking system.

On the Wolseley the traditional radiator is retained with the illuminated name motif. Facia and door cappings are finished in American burr walnut. Heater, demister and air circulater are standard equipment.

The 3-litre Rover saloon is another British car that has gone over to disc brakes. The Solihull firm have adopted Girling discs for the front wheels as a standard fitting for this relatively new model and conversion sets are available for the 3-litre models already delivered with drum brakes. Price of this Rover model has gone up by £50 to £1,715 for the version with normal gear-box and to £1,864 for the automatic variant.

Now for the new sports cars. . . . First, the Sunbeam Alpine, which is brand new from bumper to bumper. It revives a famous Rootes model name and fills a gap in the Group's car range. The Alpine has Girling disc brakes at the front in the new fashion to take good care of a top speed of around the 100 m.p.h. mark, which is not bad for a 1½-litre car. The engine is basically that of the Rapier. With aluminium head, twin carburetters and twin exhaust manifold it develops 83½ b.h.p.

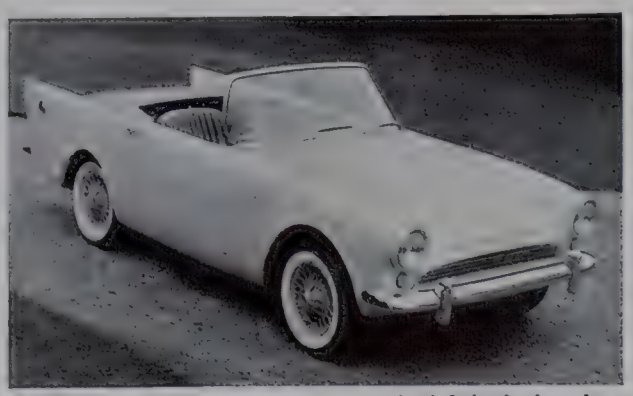
It is a sleek-looking car, with tail fins, a four-speed gear-box controlled by a nicely-placed central lever, Laycock overdrive, if required, operating on the top three ratios (£60 extra), room behind the front seats for children or extra luggage and a general air of expensive refinement.

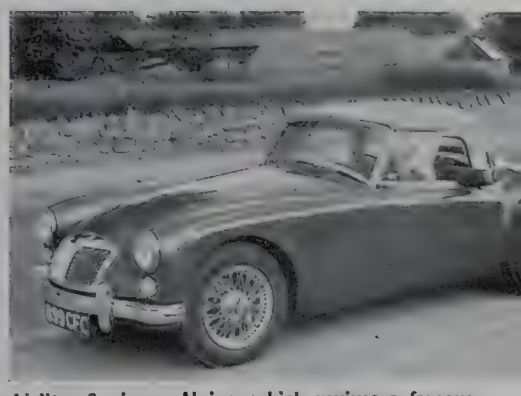
The hood folds away neatly and for £60 extra you can get a detachable hard-top which makes the Alpine look very smart indeed. Price of the open two-seater is £977 10s. Kerb weight is 19¼ cwt., it has a turning circle of 34 ft. and the car is practically 13 ft. long and just over 5 ft. wide. There is a 9-gallon tank and the instrument panel boasts a rev-counter. Incorporated in the rich interior finish are crash pads on the facia and a central arm-rest which also does duty as a box for odds and ends (with hinged lid). Because the Rootes Group are so busy these days and are so short of assembly space to meet their export orders, they have arranged for the Alpine to be assembled by a Coventry neighbour: the new Bristol Siddeley Engines Limited.

The Austin-Healey 3000 gets its type number from the fact that it uses the improved "C"-series engine of practically 3 litres. Its exact capacity is 2,912 c.c., which is an increase of 273 c.c. (and 7 b.h.p.) on the old engine. Top speed of the 6-cylinder Healey—well over 100 m.p.h. —was already fast enough for most people, but the bigger engine does give improved acceleration and improves the car's performance most acceptably in the lower speed ranges.

You can now accelerate from zero to 60 m.p.h. in eleven seconds or from nought to 100 in little more than thirty-one. In its open two-seater form this latest version of a car first introduced by Mr. Donald Healey at the 1952 London Show costs only £10 more, at £1,168, than the model it replaces. The hard-top version is £85 extra and you can get overdrive for another £66, including tax.

B.M.C. have also stepped up the power of their M.G.A. sports two-seater by increasing the engine size from 1½ litres to 1,589 c.c. This gives an increase of 6 b.h.p. and makes this great little dollar-earner even faster away from the traffic lights. Top speed is now 100 m.p.h. in favourable conditions and the handsome little car cruises happily at 80. The price is unchanged at £940 for the open two-seater and £1,026 for the hard-top coupé.





TWO SPORTS CARS IN THE NEWS: *On the left* is the brand new 1½-litre Sunbeam Alpine, which revives a famous Rootes model name. It has a top speed of around 100 m.p.h. The engine is basically that of the Rapier. *On the right* is the redesigned MGA 1600 sports two-seater, which has a bigger and more powerful engine.

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when it's

VAT 69

THE ONE SCOTCH THAT STANDS OUT

ABBEY CHURCH OF IONA

An Appeal for Endowing the Cathedral; and Rebuilding the Monastery

THE CATHEDRAL OF IONA: On the isle, lying in the Inner Hebrides, is the Abbey, restored by the Church of Scotland, with, on the left, the monastery buildings restored by the Iona Community. Foreground is the Chapel of St. Oran, re-roofed in 1957. An appeal to endow Iona Abbey and continue the Community's work opened in June.

The religious history of the Isle of Iona, in the Inner Hebrides, goes back to the Gaelic times as a centre of Druid worship, but it was under Columba, who landed on the island in 563, that it developed into the most famous centre of Celtic Christianity.

With the Reformation in Scotland, the Abbey and monastic buildings were dismantled. In 1889, the eighth Duke of Argyll gave the Abbey to the Church of Scotland and it was restored by public subscription. From 1938, the Iona Community has been engaged in the work of the restoration of the monastery. The new organ loft and the Chapel of St. Oran were consecrated on June 28, and on the same day the cloisters were rededicated. An appeal for £150,000 has been launched to ensure that the ancient island shrine of Iona continues as a centre of Christian life. The address of the Iona Appeal Trust is Candlemakers' Hall, Candlemaker Row, Edinburgh, 1.

On left—
VILLAGE STREET: In Baile Mor, on Iona, the street separates the houses from their gardens, beyond which are the shore and the sea. Not far away from the village is the Abbey, the attached monastery of which is being rebuilt and restored by the Iona Community, a movement founded in 1938 by Dr. George Macleod. The Community is composed of craftsmen working on the rebuilding; of men working in industry and other jobs on the mainland; and of ministers who, when they have completed their course at a theological college, work for three months on the island.

ON IONA: The Abbey is in the background. Behind it is Ben More and the red rocks of Mull, from which came much of the granite used in the medieval monastery. The fertile sheltered island is little more than 3½ miles long and 1½ miles wide.

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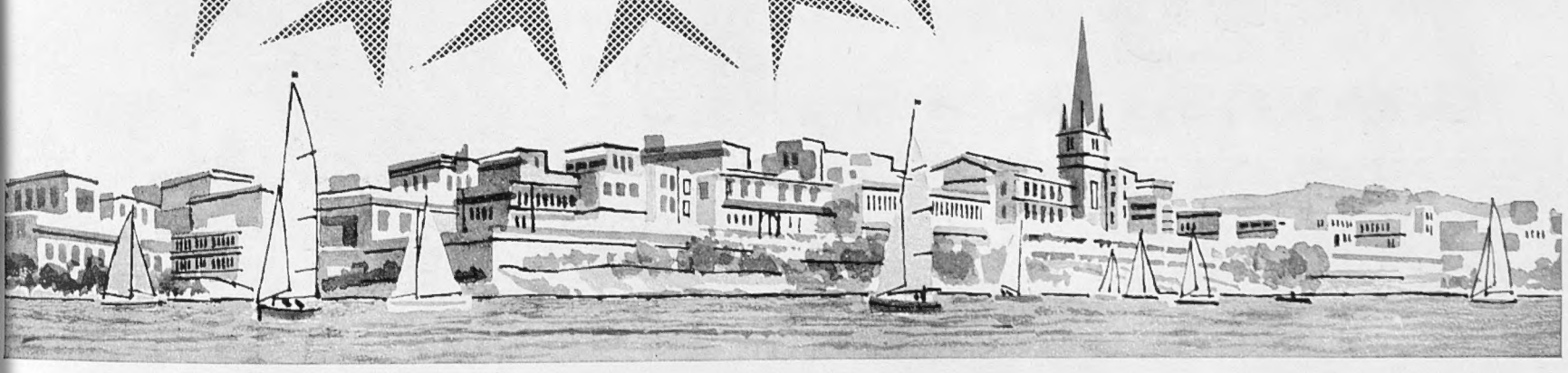

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